

Pictures of Famous Baseball Players

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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VOLUME LXXXII.—No. 1347.
Price, 10 Cents.



EDDIE HEALEY.

EDDIE HANLON.

HANLON IS MATCHED TO FIGHT BENNY YANGER AT SAN FRANCISCO THIS MONTH.



RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, June 6, 1903.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
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CHALLENGES.

If You Are Looking For a Contest
You'll Find It Here.

[If you desire to issue a challenge of any kind, send it to be published in this column. The "Police Gazette" will hold your forfeits and help you to make a match. If you have a good photograph of yourself send that in too.]

Henry Senter, of Chicago, challenges any boxer at 135 pounds, "Kid" Ashe preferred.

Jack Lowery, of New York, would like to secure a match with some good 125-pound boxer.

H. Mitchell, of Leesville, La., would like to make a match with any 130-pound amateur boxer in the South.

"Kid" Coffey, of Brooklyn, challenges Jack Lowery, Jack Hamilton or any 130-pound boxer in the business.

Are the oyster openers afraid of a match. My \$50 is at the POLICE GAZETTE office waiting to be covered. Come on, Harry Smith.

I claim the championship of Flora, Ill., for round dancing, and I am ready to defend my title against all comers. W. A. Chitwood.

"Kid" Allen, the New York bantam, is anxious to meet Jimmy Stone, and his east side admirers will raise enough for a side bet.

I will match my horse, Sleepy Tom, against any horse in the South for a quarter-mile for a big side bet. Nick Manola, Gulfport, Miss.

Otto Betz, the Ashtabula fisherman, whom August Gustavson failed to throw in a handcap match, is anxious to secure a match with Jim Parr.

Billie Ullrich, lightweight boxer of De Kalb, Ill., is anxious to fight anyone in his class. He is under the management of Jack Burke.

Joe Kosid, of Hinsdale, Ill., writes that he would like to meet Joe O'Hagen, brother of "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, at the middleweight limit.

Dan Bush claims to be the eight-year-old champion mandolin and guitar player of Philadelphia. His brother Tom would like to make a match for him.

Jim Brooks, the crack banjo player, has an admirer in New York who will back him against anyone and is ready to deposit money with the POLICE GAZETTE.

I claim the lightweight championship of Indiana and am ready to meet anyone in my class at any time. Charles (Kid) Blackburn, 145 South Illinois street, Indianapolis, Ind.

I hereby challenge any one-armed musician in the United States to play ten different instruments all at the same time. W. C. Williams, 238 Sprague street, Jamestown, N. Y.

I will match Tom Jones, the champion sling shot of the world, against all comers, and I will put up a good substantial side bet. James E. Fields, 1186 Nanticoke street, Baltimore, Md.

GAY LITTLE SOUBRETTE

WHO HAD SAD MEMORIES

OF PLEASURE BAY

There Was Nothing but Bitterness in the Name for Her
Because Her Hopes Were Blasted.

A LITTLE ELOPEMENT THAT FAILED TO COME OFF.

How a Shapely and Handsome Show Lady Who Was on Broadway Became the
Victim of a Hot Bit of Repartee.

"I've just refused four offers for summer snaps," remarked the girl with the angel voice, "and maybe I'll stay in New York all summer, and get the sea breezes from the Battery. I had one of those summer gags about four years ago, and I think it will hold me for a while."

"I was out hustling for a date, not because I wanted work, but, to tell you the truth, I needed the money, and I got up against an agent, who said to me:

"I've got just what you want, Violet. It couldn't be better if it was made to order."

"What is it?" said I. "A furnished flat with the rent paid for life?"

"Quit your kidding," says he. "Don't get it into your head that I'm an audience at Bayonne, N. J. This is a Pinafore show at Pleasure Bay. Know where Pleasure Bay is? No? Well, it's right near Long Branch, on the Shrewsbury river. Swell place; all nice people; cheap board, and a good time all summer. You can't beat it. You can get \$25 a week for the season and all that you can find on the beach. Better take it before it's too late."

"Well, to make a long story short, I took it, and that next Monday I went down for rehearsal. Bob Graham was playing the leading part, but I won't say anything about the prima donna, because I make it a point that when I can't speak well about a person I won't say anything at all. I think that's the best way, don't you?"

"Well, she was the worst ever. She had a pretty good voice, but she was a crank, and you know what

riding every afternoon. He was a swell looker and a swell dresser, and his father was some kind of a big contractor in Jersey somewhere. He had all kinds of money, and he wasn't afraid to spend it, either, and I could see myself getting married and cutting out all this stage graft."

"Once or twice I thought he was going to speak out and say what I was waiting for, but he seemed to get stuck when he got almost to the point."

"One night, before the show, he met me, and said:

"Say, will you elope with me?"

"You see, there are a lot of those young downey guys who think the only way they can get an actress is to elope with her. They read a lot of stuff in the papers about theatrical elopements, and they think it's the only way, and he was like all the rest—he wanted to run away like a kid who is being chased by his mother."

"But I wasn't taking any chances of losing him, so I told him I'd fly the coop if he'd say the word."

"When do I get my cue for the runaway act?" I says.

"For the what?" he asks.

"For the runaway act—you know, the elopement."

"Why, we go to-night, after the show."

"Does a wedding ring go with this turn, Bob?"

"Certainly, it does. I bought it to-day," and he pulled out of his vest pocket the swellest little Tiffany you ever saw. Then he pulled out of another pocket a box and handed it to me.

"Wear this on the stage to-night, for my sake."

"I thought he wanted me to wear the box first, but when I opened it and saw a lovely carat stone, I felt just like the time when Mikey was sick and the doctor told me he was going to get well again."

"If I ever made a hit I made it that night. I had 'em yelling all the time, but I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of the kid who was going to meet me behind the stage with a boat and row me across the bay."

"At last the last act was over and I hustled down in the dressing-room to get dressed, and when I came out there he was in a cute little rowboat, waiting for me. I got in and away we went."

"Good-bye, old stage and old Pinafore," I yelled, when we got out in the stream, and we both laughed like a couple of kids."

"Then neither one of us said a word for a long while, and he kept on rowing. To save my life, I couldn't tell you where he was going. But the first thing I know the boat stopped."

"What's the matter?" says I.

"I think we're on a sand bar," says he, trying to push the boat off with his oar. But it was no use. Might as well try to get a shine act on at Pastor's as to get off, and the tide was falling, too."

"It's a long, bum story from that on. About 3 o'clock in the morning I stepped out on the bar and it was all mud, and I was a sight when he pulled me in the boat again, and about two hours after daylight, when we were getting ready to float off again, a little launch came out from the shore."

"His father was in it!"

"When he pulled up alongside, the old man looked at me and began to laugh, and who do you suppose it was?"

"You know that man with the red beard and the diamond scarfpin, who used to come up to the flat and send out to Shanley's for lunch?"

"Well, that was him!"

"Trying to kidnap the kid, ha?" he yelled, and then he laughed again.

"Get in here with me, Bub," he said, and Bub got in. Then he fastened a rope to my boat and towed me to the shore. He got out and tied his launch, and then he turned around and looked at me."

"Cut it out," he said. "Cut it out, do you hear?"

"The worst of it was, I was a sight; what with the mud and the mosquitoes; and they call it Pleasure Bay. Bah!"

"Got a cigarette?"

"I think some of these guys are awful fresh, don't you?" remarked Mazie the other afternoon. "They make me tired. They are all the time giving you a case of con and jolly and when it ain't that, they are handing you a few hot ones that make you feel as if your rent was about six months overdue."

"You know I ain't the kind of a girl that's stuck on herself, and I don't go around saying how good I am and all that sort of thing, but if I do say it myself I have got as good a shape as any girl in the business. They used to call me Lillian Russell, No. 2, one time, but I made them cut it out, because I don't want to be a second to anybody, not even if she was Sarah Bernhardt, and if ever I get a speaking part, I'll show them that Mazie Verede Pearl has more than her shape to make her living."

"But as I was saying before an artist told me one time that my legs were perfect, and when Lederer engaged me, he remarked that I could have anything in the house that I wanted, as long as I didn't get too much beef around the ankles. But you can bet your sweet life I know where my living lays, and you'll never see me with elephantiasis."

"I was walking across Broadway at Thirty-fourth street to-day, when I saw that fellow with the blonde mustache that was going to marry the little dancer

over at Proctor's. He was half way across the street and yelled out:

"Hello, Mazie, I was up to see the show last night."

"If he could get gay I thought I could, too, so I handed him one back."

"How did you like my legs?"

"Great," he said, "but I thought the pad in the left one slipped in the third act. What was the matter?"

"About fifty people were rubber necking, and I



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

HELEN KAPSALS.

An Artist, if you please, with Irwin's
Big Burlesque Company.

ducked down the street again. I'll bet my face was crimson. The better you treat 'em the fresher they get."

Marion Winchester, the pretty and plump little dancer, whose specialty consists of pirouetting on her pretty toes without either shoes or stockings, has sent a long letter to a boon companion well known on Broadway, describing in particularly gushing language how she has knocked the Johnnies and the Willie boys of "good old Lannon." Marion was fulfilling an engagement at the Oxford Music Hall, when the letter was dated—not a particularly high-class temple of the Muses, but she declares that she is booked for all the best vaudeville houses in London, Paris and Berlin.

"When the boys saw me bound on to the stage with bare legs and feet," says the modest Marion, "they just went crazy. The gallery gods whistled and yelled and one cried out at the top of his voice, 'Gawd's truth! I could drop me socks on a dancer like that!' But when the Johnnies in the stalls and boxes piped off the diamond anklets and shin bracelets, and the sapphire and diamond sunbursts on my bare calves—held on with sticking plaster, you know, that's the latest wheeze—a thousand opera glasses went up, and I felt as if the admiration of the mashers was burning holes in my legs."

Well done, Marion! You have not only a unique art and a grateful and comforting nature, but you have an imagination of which even a press agent might be justly proud. You ought to get on, and will probably return to your native land with diamonds not only on your legs, but stuck all over you. But beware! The women inspectors of the Custom House have gone out of business.

During a recent shower when for a few moments the rain came down in torrents, the wife of a well-known actor, who, by the bye, had a business appointment at Morris Park that day, stood sheltering under an awning on upper Broadway. In evident ill-temper, she gripped her skirts with one hand and held a bright little four-year-old boy by the other. The boy was of that type which wants to know all things.

"Mamma! Mamma! What are we waiting for?"

"Hush! Because it rains!" was the curt reply.

"Mamma!" pursued the tot with the inquiring mind,

"What makes it rain?"

The only reply was a frown and a shake.

"And, mamma! Why does it rain sometimes and sometimes it doesn't?"

The woman smiled faintly and affected not to hear.

"Me don't like rainy days. It's a good job it only rains on rainy days and never on fine days. Mamma, do you know when it will be rainy days and when fine days? I guess not or you wouldn't have your new dress and your best hat on."

At this point the mother jerked the little lad by the arm, pulled him into the street and hastily hustled him aboard an uptown car.

If you send \$1 to the POLICE GAZETTE office for a thirteen weeks' subscription you get The Standard Book of Rules FREE.



Photo by Covell: Birmingham, Ala.

MABEL DE FOREST.

Winsome Performer who is Co-headliner with
Dan Sherman in the Vaudeville.

rhymes with that? Tank, of course. But let it go at that, for I guess she's got hers, all right, by this time.

"The stage was a big barge anchored in the water, and the dressing-rooms were there, too. But the mosquitoes! Say, they were like spring chickens. Why, they handed it to me so strong the first week I was there that people used to dodge out of my way when I went out, thinking, I suppose, that I had the smallpox. I met a real nice fellow down there who got stuck the first jump out of the box, and used to take me out

The best book on wrestling is now ready. It contains everything; is by Champion George Bothner. Fully illustrated. Price, 25 cents; this office.

NEXT WEEK'S FREE SUPPLEMENT--QUEENIE VASSAR, A Star in "The Beauty and the Beast"

FIGHTING IN PRIVATE

IN NEW YORK STATE

BOOMING NOWADAYS

The Fact That the Law Prohibits Boxing Doesn't Deter the Ring Artists Very Much.

ALWAYS PLENTY OF SPORTS IN ATTENDANCE.

Saloon Back Rooms the Favorite Place to Pull Off a Little Affair and the Side Bets Are Always Very Big.

"Pugilism, like truth, once crushed to earth is sure to rise again." This is the way a sage sport put it the other night, and he probably had Greater New York in mind when he made the remark. Although the game was abolished in this State about three years ago, prize fights have been held and will undoubtedly be held as long as there are boxers to furnish them. Naturally, most of the tilts have been "on the quiet." But they are the real article, well patronized and with enough gore and excitement to suit the most fastidious.

Attending fights in private nowadays is a vastly different proposition from the old days. A little over a decade ago, before Coney Island became the mecca for fistie bouts to a finish in the Old Iron Pier building, it was worth one's life to go to see such a mill. In the first place most of them were pulled off on the outskirts of the city. Long Island was the popular stamping ground, and traveling to and fro was not as easy as at the present time. Despite this, wherever a big "ring" event was announced there was usually a large outpouring of sports of high and low degree. They had money to spend, plenty of time and a thirst for blood and liquor that was remarkable. They were willing to pay a handsome sum and endure a lot to witness a good scrap. They had not been spoiled by the fin de siècle athletic club with padded posts and floor, electric lights, etc. They were satisfied with a fight under any conditions and did not mind the hardship and trouble that were part and parcel of the fun.

Instead of a well-ventilated arena with a number of exits, they were glad to congregate in barns, old stables, dilapidated halls or broken-down shanties. It made no difference as to whether there was a ring, etc. All they cared to see was a good slashing fight, with plenty of blood, and they invariably got what they went for.

A number of old-timers can recall wading through mud knee deep, over steep inclines, through graveyards and cemeteries and other gruesome places in order to reach the rendezvous. The fights, no matter what time they were advertised, never began before the early hours of the following morning. Neither did they end in a hurry, either. All the sports insisted on a run for their money, and there were few chances of "fakes." The fighters fought to win. They realized that it would go hard with them if they did not go on the level. They had no police to protect them. Very few of the sports attended the mills unarmed, whether it was with mysterious black bottles or shining guns and the principals knew that they would use their weapons if they thought that they had been mulcted out of their money.

Billy Ernst, the "Bushwick Dutchman;" Jack Downey, George Dixon, Frank Cruz, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler;" Eugene Hornbacker, Jack Dempsey, Jac. McAuliffe and a lot of other pugilists who made a

There are plenty of resorts where bouts can be held and the proprietors of them do not seem to be timid about taking chances. But the promoters are careful and all the negotiations are conducted in the utmost secrecy.

After the "tip" is circulated to a select few at so much per person the prospective spectators are told to meet at a certain place. Usually it is a saloon. From there you go to another spot, probably ten or twelve blocks away. Then two more stops are made before you finally reach the battleground. When you arrive you are subject to the minutest cross examination, and if you fail to pass muster you are not admitted. The admission fee is less than in former years, the prevailing price being \$2 and \$3. This is probably due to the fact that during the Horton law days the sports were able to see rattling mills at a cheaper sum. Many of these fights are well conducted and decided according to schedule. Light attendance is no barrier, as some of the principals usually go on for side bets alone, which varies from \$100 to as much as \$500. This money is as a rule furnished by the contestants' backers, who are either saloonkeepers or gamblers. One well known proprietor of a large saloon on Columbus avenue made as much as \$6,000 alone backing fighters in this manner. The man on whom he staked his cash was well rewarded and earned nearly \$2,000 himself outside of his share of the gate receipts.

Finish fights with skin tight gloves are not popular. Most of the combats are limited to twenty rounds and the regulation four-ounce gloves are used, another instance of what the Horton law educated the modern sport up to. Well-fitted gymnasiums, utilized as physical culture schools in the daytime, are often used to hold mills in, and it is no uncommon sight to see a swell in full evening dress at the ringside. But the sport must curb his enthusiasm and must not even applaud. This is a hardship, as there are few who can control their feelings when two men are hard at it pummeling each other for dear life. Bells announcing the beginning and end of each round are not permitted. This has been tabooed as dangerous evidence in case the police happen to pounce upon the scene.

Ingenious methods are employed by promoters of these fights in disseminating information to prospective spectators as to what to do and where to go to witness the fray. For instance, the appended is a sample of one of the invitations received recently by a business man who dotes on fights of this nature:

"Your kind indulgence is requested at a meeting of the — club, at which installation of officers will be the chief proceeding on the programme. Call early and bring your own ice."

Or another:
"Mr. and Mrs. Flannery of — request the pleasure of your presence, at the christening of their son, James, Jr. The happy event will be held at 8 o'clock P. M. Don't forget to attend."

Or:
"It is our sad mission to inform you that our beloved friend and pal and college chum — died yesterday, and in order to pay our respects to his memory we will 'wake' him at his late residence —. If you ever cared for or respected him in life, be on hand. Yours truly —."

Naturally to the uninitiated these invitations appear vague and commonplace. But the "regulars" realize at once their importance and make hasty preparations to attend. Sometimes these invitations fall in the hands of the police. But the shrewdest sleuth cannot run them down. The definition of "bring your own ice" in one of the invitations was described as meaning that the prospective spectator should be careful in distributing the "tip." There are a number of apparently inane clauses in these "invites," but they have their significance.

Crooks are rare at private fights nowadays. The sports are not so careless as in bygone days and leave most of their valuables and jewelry behind them. The spectators are more orderly, too, and there are few disgraceful disturbances at the ringside.

The pugilists are not subjected to a thorough physical examination in private "goes," as they were when mills were decided in public. But the fighters train hard and faithfully, and sometimes enter the ring in the pink of condition. There are many contests held on the quiet that the newspapers and the public do not hear about. Some

There are over 70 page wrestling pictures in Champion George Bothner's new book. It contains all the rules, too. Price, 25 cents; this office.

of the promoters think it is a crime to have a reporter at such mills and do everything in their power to keep it from the press. But the pugilist, who realizes that his future depends on publicity, often vouchsafes the desired information.

Different men are selected to referee the bouts. But in the old days the late P. J. Donohue held the honor, and no well-regulated contest was considered complete



FRANK MARTIN, JR.

A Youthful Dog Fancier of 2040 Poydrass St., New Orleans, and "Jim Corbett."

without his services. Taking in private mills, all told, is a precarious undertaking. Yet it has its pleasures as well as its drawbacks. Some people of an adventurous spirit like it and would rather miss their dinner and sleep than miss a fight.

COULDN'T THROW BOTHNER.

Max Lutibeg, at Scranton, Pa., recently worked one hour trying to throw George Bothner, but he failed to connect. The match was well attended.

George Bothner, conceded to be the most scientific wrestler in the world, has written a book on the game for the POLICE GAZETTE. Price, 25 cents.

BENEFIT FOR EMPLOYEES.

The management of the East New York Music Hall gave a benefit to the employees of the hall recently. The great success of the same was mainly due to Billy Matthews, the manager.

JACKSON MADE REILLY QUIT.

Young Peter Jackson met Tommy Reilly at Seattle, Wash., on May 23. A straight left in the pit of the stomach was alleged to have done the business. Jackson did his part and no blame attaches to him, but Reilly "dogged it." He claims to have had a broken hand, a memento of his fight with Neil.

O'KEEFE KNOCKS OUT THOMPSON.

Jack O'Keefe, the Chicago lightweight, knocked out Butch Thompson in the second round on May 23 at Michigan City, Ind. Only light exchanges were delivered in the first. When the men came up in the second O'Keefe swung his right to the jaw, sending Thompson to the floor. Thompson came up and was sent down the second time with the same blow. When Thompson staggered to his feet at the count of seven O'Keefe swung his right to the jaw and Thompson was counted out.

AL NEIL BEATEN.

Al Neil, who only a few days ago was the pride of the welterweight boxing fraternity of San Francisco, met the Dixie Kid, a negro welterweight of Stockton, on May 21, in a twenty-round go, and, in spite of the encouragement shouted to him by his many friends in the crowd, he lost the decision.

It was Neil's long experience in the ring and his generalship that saved him from a knockout. Several times he was in danger, but by clever clinching and holding he saved himself.

BYERS STAYED THE LIMIT.

Jack O'Brien outpointed but was unable to stop Geo. Byers, the colored middleweight of Boston, at the National Club, Philadelphia, on May 23. O'Brien started hostilities and during the early part of the first round jabbed his opponent until he got too close, when Byers sent over a half jolt which landed and sent the Philadelphian down for the count of nine. During the remainder of the contest O'Brien was more careful and outpointed Byers two to one, but could not deliver a finishing blow. Byers was very tired at the finish.

The opening bout brought together "Kid" Beebe and Eddie Rocap, both of Southwark. They traveled the limit at a fast pace, with the former having the better of it by a small margin.

Johnny Loxley and Billy Willis fought a fast draw, and Lew Ryall, by making a Garrison finish in the sixth round, with Joe Mace, gained for himself a draw. Lew appeared out of condition, but he worked in good style towards the end.

PRETTY SQUAW

AT AUCTION,

FOR \$25,000

Sold Herself to the Highest Bidder to Pay Father's Debts.

Singing Swan, the belle of the Kiowa Indian village in Indian Territory, has auctioned herself to pay a debt of honor of her dead father.

Old Jim Crow, a famous wealthy "white" Indian was the successful bidder. He paid \$25,000 for the handsome young woman. Then he took her to his home and introduced her to his family of grown-up sons and daughters as an orphan whom he had adopted, and told them to treat her as a sister.

In the meantime the debt of honor has been cancelled in an unexpected way.

Singing Swan's father was Chief Iron Talk, a man of wealth and influence in the tribe. He had his daughter well educated. Her fine qualities and her beauty attracted many white suitors, but she held aloof from them and stuck to her father.

He, by reason of his constant wish to improve his people and to do the greatest possible good with his fortune, was induced by unscrupulous whites to embark on an enterprise that swept away every dollar and left him at his death \$6,000 in debt.

This amount he had borrowed from a money lender, and while for years he had paid the interest, he had never been able to pay the principal.

On Iron Talk's death the money lender seized property belonging to the estate. This, however, did not satisfy the creditor, and feeling her father's debt to be one of honor, Singing Swan finally decided to give herself in explanation, reserving, however, the right to reject the final bid.

As soon as Old Jim Crow had given Singing Swan a check for \$25,000, he hunted up the money lender, and asked for the note he held against Iron Talk.

Old Jim read it carefully, and then, taking his revolver from his shirt, he thrust the paper into the muzzle of the gun and drove it down on the ball with a lead pencil.

"Now," he remarked. "I happen to know that you got more than enough of Iron Talk's property to pay this debt. You have annoyed the heirs of my dead friend long enough, and if I ever hear that you mention this matter again I will send this note into your hide with a bullet."

Singing Swan chose for her auction a feast day, when a large crowd composed of white traders, cattlemen, Indians, half-breeds, nomads and gamblers had gathered in the village street.

When she appeared among them, clad gayly in the rich royal robes of her tribe, all eyes were turned upon her in admiration. Suddenly mounting a box, she stood a dramatic figure amid most picturesque surroundings.

"Who wants a wife?" she asked of the astonished crowd. There was an earnestness in her voice and face that forbade a jesting reply.

The young warriors could hardly credit their eyes and ears. Her black eyes sparkled and her long dark hair, falling below her belt, mingled with the brilliant colors of her apparel. Strands of fresh-water pearls and hundreds of elk-teeth, burnished and tipped with gold, flashed from her neck and arms and every seam of her costly garments.

Finally a young Kiowa brave spurred his pony nearer. Few heard the words of the bidder, but the next instant the girl exclaimed: "One thousand dollars I am offered! Who bids more?"

Six-Killer, a rich Cherokee, instantly shouted, "I will give \$5,000 in gold for Singing Swan."

"It is not enough to pay my father's debt of honor," said the maiden.

At that moment Old Jim Crow spoke up.

"I need a housekeeper," he said, "and if Singing Swan will take kindly to old Jim I will give \$10,000."

"You can't get her," roared the Cherokee; "\$11,000."

"Can't I?" retorted Jim, throwing his Winchester across his left arm and drawing a long piece of glittering steel from his belt. "We will see about that. Shout \$15,000, Miss Singing Swan, and tell 'em to come again."

The two men glared at each other, to the great delight of the crowd, and no doubt to the intense satisfaction of the Indian girl. They continued bidding until Jim shouted \$25,000. As the angry Cherokee turned his horse and galloped away the crowd cheered.

HARRY ELKS BROKE RECORD.

A new world's cycle record was made in the motor-paced race at Coliseum track, Philadelphia, on May 21, by Harry Elkes, of Glens Falls, N. Y. In the final Elkes won in the remarkable time of 8:27 2-5 for five miles, covering the last mile in 1:14 3-5, breaking all world's records. The best previous American record was made at Pittsburgh by Nelson last season—1:20 for one mile; 8:37 for five miles.

SHARKEY WON FROM PIENING.

Tom Sharkey, the sailor boxer, who has engaged in many wrestling bouts recently with success, met John Piening at Miner's Bowery Theatre, New York, on May 21, and after fifteen minutes of active work was awarded the decision, as Piening contracted to throw the sailor but did not accomplish the trick.

When the men shook hands Piening made a rush at Sharkey and seemed to want to either break a few bones or eat the sailor up at once. He grabbed Sharkey around the waist and the men wrestled all over the stage. Then Sharkey thought it was about time he went on the defensive and he went to the floor, with Piening on top. Piening then tried some of the holds that have won bouts for him before, but they did not work very well with Tom Sharkey. The sailor broke them all before he was in any danger of biting the dust, and at the end of the fifteen minutes was in as apparent good shape as at the start.

Few men know how to properly train and handle a dog. The "Police Gazette Pit Book" is an authority. 25 cents; this office.



Photo by Porrell: Kankakee, Ill.

READY FOR TROUBLE.

Sam Olleson's Eno, of Bradley, Ill. A Splendid Specimen of the Pit Dog who has a Fine Record.

name in the fistie world received their first experiences under these conditions. Dixon fought in a cellar before he was known prominently, and Dempsey won a number of fights amid vaults and tombstones in Laurel Hill, L. I.

Within the past few years, when the bruleers were compelled to go back to former days and fight in private, conditions have changed materially. The pugilists do not have to go to remote places in order to settle their grievances. They have it out right in town.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON PAGE 7---ATTILA'S PHYSICAL CULTURE LESSONS ARE THE RAGE



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

BLOSSOM SEELEY.

THE MANAGER IS UP THERE, HENCE
THE GOO GOO EYES.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

TWO CLEVER GIRLS.

A THOROUGHbred TANDEM WITH THE JOLLY
GRASS WIDOWS WHO CAN'T BE BEAT.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

EDITH WORDEN.

FAIR MILITARY MAID WHO IS
THOROUGHLY UP-TO-DATE.



Photo by Hall: New York.

NORMA KOPP.

SHE IS ONE OF THE SHAPELY NEW
YORK SHOW GIRLS.



Photo by Hall: New York.

A GALAXY OF BEAUTY.

CHARMERS OF THE "NANCY BROWN" CHORUS WHO HAVE MADE MANY SUSCEPTIBLE
MALE HEARTS FLUTTER DURING THE PAST SEASON.



THEY ARE PENNANT WINNERS.
DIAMOND EXPERTS OF TROOP D, FIFTH CAVALRY, CAMP STUTZENBERG,
P. I., WHO WENT THROUGH A SEASON WITHOUT LOSING.



W. C. WILLIAMS, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.
HE ISSUES A CHALLENGE TO ANY ONE-ARMED MUSICIAN
IN THE WORLD TO REPRODUCE HIS ACT.



Photo by J. B. Wilson: Chicago

H. SENTER.
A 135-POUNDER OF CHICAGO, WHO IS
ANXIOUS FOR A FIGHT.



H. MILLER.
HE IS SPARRING PARTNER
OF JOE GANS.



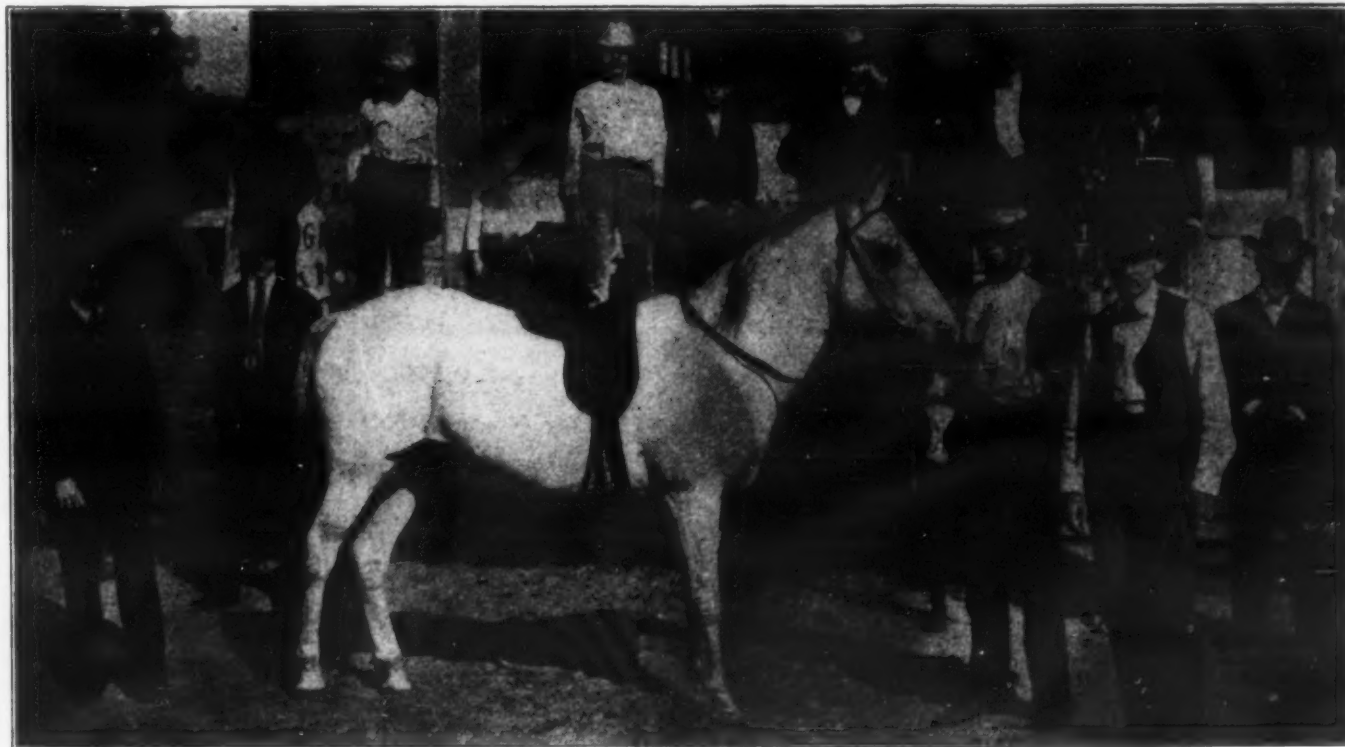
KID COFFEY.
GREAT LITTLE BOXER
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.



H. MITCHELL.
AMATEUR BOXER OF LEESVILLE,
LA., WHO HAS YET TO LOSE.



E. C. JOHNSON.
WELL-KNOWN CHICAGO NEWSDEALER
AND HIS DOG JACK.



HE BRINGS HOME THE MONEY.
SLEEPY TOM, OWNED BY NICK MANOLA, SPORTING BARBER OF GULFPORT, MISS., WHO
WILL MATCH HIM WITH ANY SOUTHERN HORSE AT A QUARTER MILE.

THIS WAS A HOT GAME

—PLAYED IN THE WEST—

OF GOOD OLD DRAW POKER

The Mayor, the Chief of Police, a Judge and a County Physician Sat in It.

GUNS DRAWN WHEN FOUR ACES WERE HELD.

When the Smoke Cleared Away the Mayor Was Dead and the Chief Had a Bullet Hole in His Hand.

"There's a lot of talk around New York all the time about corruption in the city government," said the gray-haired, young-looking man in the club smoking room, "and I suppose there is no doubt that more or less dishonesty does exist among some of the city officials under any and all administrations.

"But New York is by no means the only huckleberry on the bush. It is the biggest town in the country, of course, and naturally has more opportunities and more crooks than any other place. I have seen Western cities now and again, in which there has been a condition of things that would make the Tenderloin look like a village Sunday school and the Tweed ring seem like a Bible class by comparison.

"It wouldn't do, of course, to mention the real name of the town I have in mind, but it happened to me some twenty-odd years ago that I had to stay for the better part of a year in a small city on the far side of the Mississippi river, and the business that kept me there was of such a nature that I came to know most of the prominent people there rather intimately. And if there is a choicer collection of capable scoundrels in

record of homicides, though some of them were; but they were men of a high average of ability and forcefulness, and might have enforced almost any policy they chose to adopt, if they hadn't found it easier and more profitable to take graft than to clean up the city.

"Curiously enough, it was a game of draw poker that brought about a change in the affairs of the place, with the final result that the ring was broken up and the town regenerated. To-day, I am told that it is as well conducted and as moral as the average town anywhere, and for ought that I know, it might have developed into that in the natural course of events if no such game had ever been played, but the actual fact was that the change began in the back room of one of the gambling houses.

"The Mayor was an inveterate player and used to sit in every night, no matter how large or how small the game might happen to be, though the bigger the stakes were the better he seemed to be suited. The Chief of the police department was another who was usually at the table, though he frequently came in late, for he was diligent in office, even though his attention was given mainly to the collection of revenue. Poker was a pastime and not a pursuit with him; but he was a heavy player, too, on occasions.

"There was a City Judge in the place who liked cards better than law books, and a County Physician who played a clever game and seemed to have means entirely disproportionate to his salary. Then, of course, there were other citizens, some of them officeholders, who took a hand in this particular game from time to time; but, as it happened, these four and myself were the only ones that sat in on the occasion I'm talking about.

"It was known as the Mayor's game, and I played in it occasionally, more for business reasons than anything else, believing it to be good policy for me to lose money once in a while. I never knew what was done with my bills after I rendered them, and I never paid any commissions to anybody; but I hired a lawyer to make my collections, and he always gave me the full amount I had charged for my goods. If they juggled my figures after I made up my accounts I knew nothing about it, and it did not occur to me that it was my business to investigate.

"On the night I am speaking of, the Mayor was undeniably drunk, but as that was not an unusual thing, and as he played fully as well when drunk as when sober, nothing was thought of it. He was one of those men whose brains remain clear, or seem to, up to the moment of collapse. The only really unpleasant feature was that he was liable to lose his temper after he had reached a certain—or rather, a very uncertain—point, and nobody knew exactly what he might do when he was provoked.

"The game was table stakes and we each bought a hundred chips for a starter. I reckoned on dropping \$1,000 that night, for I hadn't been in the game for some time, but I felt sporty, and intended to have at least a couple of hours' fun out of the game first. And I must admit that the play was monstrous interesting for a time.

"We played all jacks, the ante being \$5, and nobody thought of opening for less than the size of the pot, which was \$25, even if it had not been sweetened. As I was willing to take any sort of a chance I always came in when it was opened if I had anything to draw to, and as the Mayor played that sort of a game all the time there was frequently a lively contest before the show-down, with considerable money on the table at once.

"I had bought four times and the others had all bought some, before I did more than rake in an occasional pot, but it happened in my fourth hundred that I struck a little streak and ran my pile up to nearly twelve, in four or five deals. I hit the Mayor pretty hard twice, and I saw that he didn't like it, but it didn't worry me any, for I calculated on laying down to him later on, and he was a pretty game loser, too, as a general thing.

"It happened though, that the doctor caught him for four hundred on the very next deal, making a seven full on aces, against the Mayor's pat flush, that he had opened on, and it happened on the doctor's deal. The Mayor said something nasty about the clever way that some people handled the cards.

"The doctor did not retort, but I could see that the remark rankled, and I decided to lose and get out as quickly as I could conveniently. If there was to be a row of any sort it didn't suit my books to mix up in it.

"The Chief dealt next, and the five hands that he gave out were certainly remarkable. I opened it under the guns for \$25, with three kings in my hand. The Mayor sat next and came in. The Judge tilted it \$25 and the doctor made good.

"The Chief studied awhile and I could see him reckoning up the pot. There was \$175 already up and

George Bothner, lightweight champion of the world and holder of the "Police Gazette" silver belt, has written a book on wrestling. Order it now. Price, 25 cents; this office. Fully illustrated.

It would only cost him \$50 to get in, but the chances were that the odds would be better for him before the draw if the Mayor and I should both make good, so he put up his money and I decided that he probably had a four flush.

"It looked like a good place for me to raise, so I made it \$100 more, and to my surprise the Mayor came back at me with another hundred. It was clear enough that he had a strong hand, and the reason he hadn't raised at first was that he didn't want to scare the others out. Anyway, it made a good play certain and everybody stiffened up.

"The Judge looked a little doubtful and I half expected to see another raise, but he simply trailed with his two hundred, and the doctor came in. Again the Chief studied, but there was only \$975 in the pot and only \$200 for him to put up, so he chanced it again. That put it up to me to make good for \$100, which I did, not caring to raise again before the draw.

"I took two cards, of course, and caught a pair of sevens, giving me a king full and the Mayor stood pat, so I reckoned I had him beaten anyhow and probably stood to win the pot if I played it through.

"The Judge also stood pat, but the doctor, to my surprise, took three cards. That made it pretty certain that he had a pair of aces, for he would not have played as heavily as he did on anything less, and had according to my judgment at least, overplayed his hand even with aces in staying against three raises.

"The Chief took one, and as it afterward proved, filled his flush. I threw in a white chip, and the Mayor boosted it a hundred.

"The Judge trailed, and the doctor came back with his pile, which was about two hundred. The Chief made good, though it left his pile pretty small, and I laid down.

"I had had my fun and I didn't want to win another big pot. As I said, I wanted to get out soon, and I reckoned on leaving my money in the game.

"Well, the Mayor hoisted it again, but the Judge and the Chief both threw down and as the doctor was all in it was a show down. The Mayor had a ten full on queens, but the doctor had four aces, and then the explosion came.

"I can't repeat the Mayor's exact words, and they wouldn't sound well if I did, but he made a direct charge that the doctor had held out the two aces he had in the preceding hand. I don't know to this day whether he had any grounds for suspecting that the doctor was a crooked player, beyond the coincidence which was, of course, no ground at all, but I knew well enough what a charge of that sort meant in that community, and I'm not ashamed to say that I got under the table. I learned long ago that when it comes to shooting in a small crowd the safest place is the nearest to the floor, and it was no part of my programme to take any part in the disturbance.

"Well, there was less shooting than I expected, and, of course, I didn't see exactly what happened, but there were three or four shots and the noise of a scuffle before a dozen outsiders rushed into the room, and I got up from my undignified position to look around.

"The Mayor was dead, and the Chief of Police had a hole through his hand, but he had the doctor on his back with a grip on his throat that would have finished him right speedily if the others had not interfered. As it was, the struggle had been fierce enough to arouse bad blood between the two and some good results followed from that later on.

"The doctor was tried and acquitted, as was perhaps to be expected, though a brother of the Mayor, who came on from the East, tried hard to secure his conviction. This same brother turned out to be a very decent fellow.

"As the Mayor died intestate, he had no difficulty in taking out letters of administration on his estate before the ring, or what was left of it, realized the danger there was in the proceeding for them. He was so amazed by what he learned from his dead brother's private papers that he called in some of the best lawyers in the State, and they set such an investigation on foot as resulted finally in a thorough reform of the local political conditions.

"As I said, I had always been careful not to be connected with anything crooked, and there was never any question about my dealings with the corporation, but I found it exceedingly difficult to sell any more goods out there and I came East soon after."

WILL BE A GOOD FIGHT.

Another important battle the promoters will attempt to bring off will be a six-round bout between "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien and George Gardiner, or O'Brien and Tommy Ryan. O'Brien is only too pleased to meet either of these men, and says the sooner the match is arranged the better he will feel. "Nothing would suit me better than to fight either Gardiner or Ryan," said O'Brien, "as I think I can beat both of them." A bout between O'Brien and Ryan would attract one of the largest crowds that ever witnessed a boxing bout in Philadelphia.

MEMSIC'S CLEVER FIGHT.

Jimmy Reilly declared at the end of his recent fifteen-round go with George Memsic that he was satisfied with the decision of Referee Jack Wilson, and well he might be, for the Chicago boy had a shade the best of the argument after the second round. In the fifth Memsic cut a gash over Reilly's left eye, and it bothered the Seattle boy more than he could tell.

Both men swung viciously at times, and while Memsic stopped some stiff punches they never seemed to have the same effect on him that his punches did on Reilly. The latter violated an agreement between the two men to break away clean, and as they were fighting under straight Marquis of Queensberry rules the referee was powerless to stop him.

Notwithstanding this, Memsic refused to depart from his agreement and put up a clean fight. In the majority of the rounds he had the best of the argument, but as both men were strong on their feet at the close and Reilly put up a rattling go at the last, the decision could hardly have been otherwise. Memsic conceded considerable weight to his opponent, but is the more powerful of the two.

After the fight Biddy Bishop communicated with Memsic's manager and wanted to know on what conditions Memsic would fight Aurelio Herrera, and Memsic's manager has replied that he will fight at 135 pounds at the ringside and split the purse 60 and 40. No word has been received from Bishop as yet. Such a match would mean considerable for Memsic.

PROMINENT JOCKEYS

Lightweight Andy Minder, Who Rides For August Belmont.

Andy Minder, who is riding for August Belmont, is one of the smaller boys. He can ride at ninety-five pounds, but in spite of his diminutive size the little jockey is one of the most promising business men in the racing game. In a few years he will have a stable of his own, and some of the youngsters who are now in his class may be riding for him.

Minder was born not quite twenty years ago, and brought up in East New York. He developed an instinct for business at an early age. When he was about fourteen years old he learned the watchmaking trade. He inherited some money of the realm about that time, and determined to go into business for himself, so he



Photo by Marx: Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANDY MINDER.

bought out a concern on Fulton street, Brooklyn, and hired a few men to do the watch repairing. After a while he sold out and went to work as a journeyman watchmaker.

The close confinement proved too much for him, and a physician advised the taking up of something out of doors. Minder went down and saw Johnny Hynes, one of Keene's trainers, and asked him for a chance with the horses. He started as an exercise boy, riding the two-year-olds.

After a short time he began to show prominence as a jockey. Charley Oxx, owner of Ascension, the great racing mare, saw Minder at work and took a fancy to him. He at once offered Minder a contract, and the former watchmaker signed as a jockey. He rode four months for Oxx, and then went on the Canadian circuit, under contract to W. W. Lyles, inventor of the form chart. Lyles sold his contract for Minder's services to John W. Schorr. Minder then went to New Orleans, where he rode with great success through the winter of 1902. During last summer he rode on the Canadian circuit under contract to J. J. Mackessey. He did some great riding in Canada, averaging three winners a day at Fort Erie and Highland Park. Dave Glendon saw him there and made a substantial offer for his services, but it was refused.

Minder went to Mr. Schorr and bought up his own contract for \$6,000 cash. It was a lucky day. August Belmont had just discharged Jockey Bullman, who had been disqualified for rough work on the track, and Minder was offered a contract to ride for Mr. Belmont at \$15,000. Mr. Belmont does not race his horses in the winter, so his new jockey had an opportunity to do some free lancing and gather in a few stray shekels. He trotted out to California, where he won a number of races. On his return he rode for Mr. Belmont at Bannings, in Washington, where his usual success followed him, and he is now doing good work at the local tracks.

JOCKEY BARRY KILLED.

Jockey James Barry, who was fatally injured in the Knickerbocker Hurdle race at Morris Park, by his mount, F. Ambrose Clark's Seminole, falling on him, died in Fordham Hospital May 19.

The jockey never regained consciousness from the time he was injured until death came. When first taken to the hospital his injuries seemed so serious that it was not believed he could live through the night. His strong constitution, however, was responsible for his lasting so long. That he lived for five days is considered remarkable by the physicians.

JENKINS WON MATCH.

Tom Jenkins defeated Adam Mueller at Bridgeport, Conn., May 20, in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling bout. The champion taking two falls out of three. Jenkins got the first fall in nine minutes and the second in eleven minutes and seven seconds.

George Dixon, who is now fighting in England, has a great record of knockouts. You will find them all in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1903. Price, 10 cents.



Photo by Elliott: New Orleans.

DAN DALEY.

An Expert New Orleans Dog Fancier and His Champion Rat Killer, Foxey.

any one of the State prisons of the country than the men who controlled the municipal government of that particular town, the State that owns the prison must have notably diligent district attorneys.

"There may have been an honest man among them. I don't want to make any sweeping assertions. But if there was one, I didn't find it out while I was there, and I haven't heard him mentioned since then. The trouble with the town was that it was too prosperous at the time, and everybody was making money so fast that it didn't seem to be worth while to make a kick, even if the city government was expensive.

"Like a good many other Western cities at that time, this particular one was now wide open, but the difference was that the city officials were men who, if they had chosen to do so, could have compelled a decent observance of law. They were not all bad men in the Western significance of that term.

"That is, they were not all noted fighters with a

LIVE SPORTS by the Hundred are on Our Subscription Books--Are You Among Them? \$1.00 13 weeks

PROF. ATTILA'S NEW SERIES

OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

TO BEGIN NEXT WEEK

Look Out for it, for it Will Certainly be a Great Muscle Maker From the Start.

DON'T YOU WANT TO BECOME A FINE ATHLETE?

If You Do Here is Your Great Chance for a \$100 Course by the Greatest of Teachers Absolutely Free of Charge.

By PROF. ATTILA.—Series No. 17.

With this lesson I am closing the five-pound dumb-bell series, but next week I shall begin an entirely new series, and one that will tend to the further and finer development of the human body.

Every man who takes an interest in his physical condition ought to take advantage of these lessons, for I can assure you in advance that they are the best in the

with to get your paper and try the exercises in it from week to week.

I have already got several young fellows interested in it, and the reason why I do this is because I have been helped and I want to help others. I feel that way, and wishing



PLATE No. 29.

world; and that if you come to my studio in New York, and ask me to give you the same exercises which I am giving you here, I should certainly charge you from \$75 to \$100, which is my regular fee. I wouldn't make a reduction in any case.

When you know this you may be able to better appreciate this series.

You pay ten cents for a POLICE GAZETTE, and you get a lesson worth many times that amount.

You pay \$5 for one year's subscription, and you get free a sporting or theatrical album, which cost \$2.50 to print, and a \$100 series of physical culture lessons.

It looks like a pretty good investment, don't you think so?

There are about 125,000 people, not only in America, but in other countries, who think so.

I will guarantee if you will take these lessons faithfully, exercise regularly and follow my instructions that you will gain from one to four inches on your chest measure; that you will be better physically; that you will have no use for a doctor, and that you will be a new man.

Don't you know that physical culture will cure dyspepsia?

Don't you know that the more proper and healthful exercise you take, the more you feel like working?

If you don't want to be a better and a stronger man than you are now, then don't read this story.

When Warren Travis, the "Police Gazette" back-lifting champion, who wears a \$1,000 diamond medal, because he can lift more than anyone else of his weight, first came to me he weighed about 125 pounds and looked as if he had consumption.

He was the subject of last week's POLICE GAZETTE supplement, and see what physical culture did for him. It will do the same for you.

EXERCISE NO. 29.

This is a good chest developer and back strengthener, and it doesn't require the use of the dumb-bells. Assume the position as shown in the plate, and lower your body so that the chin touches the floor. Repeat ten times.

I never took any systematic exercise in my life until a friend got me interested in Prof. Attila's system, and I have been taking his lessons from the start, when the first series was published.

Your paper has been the means of brightening my life. I am developing wonderfully, and I never felt stronger and better at no time in my life as I do now, and I mean to keep it up. I am so enthusiastic over it that I try to get everybody that I come in contact

you great success, I remain yours truly,
G. CARROLL,
1206 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal.

BOSTON, May 6, 1903.

DEAR MR. FOX—I write you to let you know that I started the third "Police Gazette" physical culture club. We have twenty-five members, and only started one week ago. We are having great success. Yours truly,

JOHN ROMEO,
15 East Dedham Street.

George Bothner, the lightweight champion wrestler of the world, has written a book on wrestling and posed for over seventy full-page pictures. The book is the best of its kind ever published, and is now ready. It teaches the science of the game and all the holds. Price, 25 cents, this office.

GARDNER'S LEFT HOOK WON.

Gus Gardner, of Philadelphia, and Billy Armstrong of California, went on for twenty rounds for a decision, before the Savannah Athletic Club, recently. The contest lasted three rounds, when Gardner, with a left hook to the jaw, put Armstrong out.

JUST A LITTLE SUNDAY FIGHT.

At Sioux City, Ia., on May 17, Dick Green, of Chicago, and Tommy Smith (Young Houckey), of Chicago, fought a nine-round contest, Green getting the decision on a foul in the ninth round. Green had by far the best of the fight. The fight was pulled off on the South Dakota shore across from Sioux City.

A WORD FOR REFEREE BALTZELL.

Oliver C. Patten, a well-known sporting writer of Little Rock, Ark., says that the decision of a draw by Referee Charles Baltzell in the fight between Tommy Gilfeather, of San Francisco, and Jack Gill was all right, notwithstanding the unfavorable comments of some unfriendly newspapers.

CLUBS TRUMPS.

Two hundred men with sporting proclivities were entertained at a Long Island hostelry on May 10, by Tommy Hayes and Billy Charlton of Louisville, who fought four rounds at a terrific pace in which Hayes had much the best of the argument. During a hot rally in the last minute of the fourth round, the door was forced open and the shining badges of the police pervaded the room and there was a wild rush by everybody, the principals making good their escape.

COLE TOO MUCH FOR GRIM.

George Cole, the colored middleweight, fought all around Joe Grim, the Italian, in a six-round go at the

You can become an expert wrestler if you will study Champion George Bothner's book on the subject. Just out. It contains over 70 full page illustrations. Price, 25 cents; this office.

Southern Athletic Club, Philadelphia, May 13. The colored boy had all the best of it during the entire bout, and his skill and footwork made Grim look like a novice. But the Italian fighter had lots of stamina and there was never a moment that he was not so dangerous that Cole had to content himself with planting jabs and light swings, but never getting near a real knockout.

NEW RECORDS.

Schutte, a sophomore of Cornell, broke the intercollegiate record for two miles, at Ithaca, N. Y., recently, by going the distance in 9 minutes 42.45 seconds.

John R. De Witt, of Princeton, made new collegiate figures for throwing the hammer at New York the other day. He put the 16-pound missile 165 feet 9 inches.

CANOLE TOO GOOD FOR O'KEEFE.

Martin Canole, of Fall River, Mass., defeated Jack O'Keefe, of Chicago, in their fifteen-round bout at the Criterion Club, Boston, May 13. There was no questioning the decision, as O'Keefe met a better jabber than himself and was beaten at his own game. The mill was a stiff one from the opening, with both boys extending themselves to the limit and landing with terrific force, but condition was responsible for quick recovery whenever signs of distress were exhibited by either lad.

CORBETT KNOCKS HIS MAN OUT.

Young Corbett, although hog fat and very short winded, found no trouble in trimming Jack O'Keefe, the East St. Louis scrapper, at the West End Club, St. Louis, May 13. It was only a romp for Corbett, and he knocked O'Keefe out in the third round.

Had O'Keefe only risen to the occasion he could have had the chance of a lifetime to earn fame by knocking the champion out. Corbett's lack of condition was such a handicap and he was so wild in his delivery, that a clever man would have had no trouble in getting to him. O'Keefe, though, was scared to death when he stepped through the ropes.

He did nothing in the first round, and the champion seemed content to let matters go. O'Keefe showed well in the second round. The nervousness to an extent had worn off, and, coached by his seconds to go after the champion, he cut loose and gave as good as he received.

Corbett was smiling all the way and in the third round ended matters. He got both right and left home to body and face and O'Keefe went down. He appeared more dazed than out and the referee, Harry Sharp, counted the fatal ten seconds.

There were three preliminaries, the only important one being between Gus Bezenah, of Cincinnati, and Joe Yanger, of St. Louis. Bezenah had a big swing in the weights, and with the milling all one sided after the first round, Referee Sharp stopped the bout in the fifth and gave Bezenah the verdict.

POLICE STOPPED BATTLE.

Tommy Ryan, a local boxer, and Jim Smith were the principals in a finish fight at Fort Lee, N. J., on May 13, which was interrupted in the eighth round by the police.

From the beginning to the end there was nothing doing but fight. Neither man cared to show his skill as a boxer. Each was out to get the money and wanted to get it as soon as possible. They slugged all over the ring. Knockdowns were frequent. Each man scored in this manner. Blood, too, was very much in evidence. The small, hard gloves worn cut like knives when a hard blow landed, and before the affair came to an end both men were bleeding from ugly-looking cuts.

In the eighth round the end seemed to be in sight. Ryan then was the stronger and Smith was in trouble several times. Toward the end of the round he went to the floor from a hard right that landed on the jaw, but he got to his feet before the referee reached the fatal ten seconds.

Then the "Jersey Blues" came gently tapping at the door with sledges and the seventy-five sporting men who had gathered to see a finish fight took to their heels and did a few stunts in the cross-country line.

AN EASY ONE FOR JACK O'BRIEN.

It took Jack O'Brien just a trifle less than three rounds to trim George Ester at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, the other night. Before finally putting him away, however, O'Brien administered to Ester a severe drubbing, and then after making the latter look like a counterfeiter, he slipped a short left jolt into Ester's stomach, and with a grunt of pain the big fellow went down and stayed on the mat until counted out.

Ester is a heavyweight who hails from St. Louis, and he outweighed O'Brien by fully fifty pounds. To the surprise of the crowd he went out after O'Brien, and for a moment or so kept Jack busy dancing out of the way of his wild lunges. O'Brien sized up the big fellow and drew him into a lead, which he would either meet with a straight left in the face or shake up his heavier opponent with a stiff right on the jaw. Invariably Ester would rush wildly at O'Brien and this allowed the latter to display as fine an exhibition of footwork as has ever been witnessed in that city. Ester was down for the count in the second round, and

several times he just saved himself from going down by clinching or hanging on the ropes for support. O'Brien ripped a stiff left to Ester's mouth and the blood that flowed profusely from his mouth covered his face.

In the third round Jack toyed with his opponent, and bringing him into close quarters sent over the punch that ended the bout.

In the preliminaries Jimmy Walker, of Southwark, and Jimmy Sweeney, of Fairmount, fought themselves out in five rounds. Young Jack O'Brien put Joe Williams out of business after twenty-two seconds of fighting. George Walker and Charles McCarthy, of Buffalo, put up a fierce fight, and a draw would have been a good decision.

Young Gilbert and "Kid" Uhler slammed and banged one another for six rounds with honors evenly divided at the finish. It was a good bout, hardly contested, and a draw was a good decision. Gus Dumont stopped Jack Golden, of Egg Harbor, in two rounds, but in much quicker time did Referee Bailey shake off Jack Ashton, who acted as one of the seconds, who wanted to interfere.

WALCOTT AND DUANE DRAW.

Belfield Walcott, of Boston, and Danny Duane, of New York, fought fifteen rounds at catch weights to a draw before the Tammany A. C., Boston, May 23. Duane was the cleverer, but he lacked the punch necessary to put the negro out. Up to the sixth round Duane was a favorite for the decision, but in the seventh and eighth he was badly weakened by several severe blows in the stomach and Walcott had him in a bad way twice. Walcott was the aggressor during the next six rounds, but Duane blocked cleverly and kept away from the worst punches.

Our Halftone Photos.

E. C. Johnson, who has a well-patronized news-stand at 307 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., is the owner of Jack, a valuable and well-trained dog.

Theodore Beck, who is a sporting barber of Lancaster, Pa., is the owner of one of the finest fighting pit games in the State. This bird has a record of winning two battles in one night and has never been defeated.

J. C. Thomas is the owner of the Derby saloon, at 125 West Colfax avenue, South Bend, Ind. He is one of the most popular men in town. His bartender, Clarence Elliott, is one of the best in the business.

Harry Matthews, who owns a barber shop at 1834 Greenmont avenue, Baltimore, Md., is the man who conditioned, heeled and handled the York birds against Gettysburg recently, making the record of winning every battle of the main, six straight victories. He is shown on this page with his great pit bird, who has been a consistent winner.

One of the best army baseball teams in the Philippines belongs to Troop D, Fifth Cavalry, last year's pennant winners in the San Fernando Angeles League. Here are their names: Kielman capt. and p; Doyle c; Siler p; Rebutant ss; Itantz 2b; Hites c; Smith 1b; Cox 1f; Egendorf rf; Welsh 3b; Dimon mgr; Schoenthal official umpire; Walsh sec'y and treasurer.

George Houck, of Catawissa, Pa., is a celebrated feeder and breeder of game cocks. One of Mr. Houck's most notable mains was a five-bird main, fought June 5, 1894, at Miner's Mills, Pa., for a purse of \$500 against the famous old Pat Carroll, of Philadelphia, and was won by Houck. Old cockers say it was the greatest five-bird main ever fought. The third battle of the main displayed Mr. Houck's ability as a feeder, the fight lasting one hour and forty minutes, and Carroll's handler tried again and again to count



Photo by Wagner: Baltimore

HARRY MATTHEWS.

An Enterprising Barber of Baltimore who is a Successful Breeder and Handler of Game Birds.

Houck's cock out, but every time they were breasted he would break the count, and in the next few minutes Carroll's cock died in the pit giving Houck the fight. Both cocks were favorites and over a thousand dollars changed hands on the battle.

The training methods of Bob Fitzsimmons are unique. He tells how he works in the new "Police Gazette Boxing Book." Price, 25 cents.

WRESTLING---Bothner's Book is the Best and Latest---Finely Illustrated. Send 25 Cents for it at Once



BROKE UP THE SOCIETY.

INITIATION CEREMONIES OF A LYNN, MASS., GIRLS' ORDER INTERRUPTED BY SOME BOYS WITH A HOSE.



PUT UP A GOOD GAME.

A NINE OF STURDY AND EXPERT YOUNG WOMEN WIN OUT ON THE DIAMOND AT ST. LOUIS, MO.



TOSSED COIN TO THE KIDS.

HOW A GAY GOTHAM SOUBRETTE CELEBRATED THE GOOD NEWS WHEN SHE HEARD HER SUIT FOR DIVORCE HAD BEEN GRANTED.

JEFF AND CORBETT QUARREL

—SEPARATED BY FRIENDS BEFORE DOING DAMAGE—

OVER CHOICE OF REFEREE

To Meet in San Francisco on August 14 in a Twenty-four-foot Ring which Corbett Demanded.

BENNY YANGER'S MANAGER MAKES A FEW REMARKS

Chovnski Still Aspires to be Champion—Where is Jack Monroe, Miner? Philadelphia Fight Promoters Industrious—Small Talk.

The meeting of Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett in San Francisco the other day was not the pleasant occasion it promised to be when the two rivals for heavyweight championship honors parted company in New York, after making the now-pending match and ratifying it over an assortment of highballs, which meliorated the natures of the two willom combatants until the scene resembled a love feast. Whether what each has said about the other in print since that memorable meeting has inspired a more hostile feeling or not is a question, but the fact remains that when they met for the second time to consummate the final arrangements there was a frayed cordiality in their greeting, and an evident disposition to say harsh things which might have led to a sanguinary engagement right then and there if cooler heads had not been present to interpose objections. The purpose of the meeting, however, that of signing articles, was effected, and the men will fight in San Francisco on Aug. 14. The trouble is said to have been brought about by Jeffries' insistence upon naming for referee an Eastern man whom Corbett objected to.

Corbett, provoked by the champion's action in seeking to dictate in the selection of the referee, goaded the big fellow with sarcastic remarks until Jeffries lost his temper and in a fit of rage offered to fight his tormentor then and there.

"Keep your temper," advised Corbett. "You need it. I'm not going around like a rowdy and fighting men barefisted as they do in saloon rows. If you think you can beat me, however, I will give you plenty of opportunity to undeceive yourself when we get into the ring."

"Bah! You never could and you never can beat me. I'll dispose of you in one round," retorted the champion.

At another time the champion flew into a rage when Corbett remarked:

"We don't want this fight to be a wrestling match. I suppose after your challenge to Chicago's wrestlers you could win that kind of a contest."

Jeffries responded promptly:

"I'm not going to make this fight a wrestling match,



LLOYD E. MAIN.

A Popular Member of Co. H, 20th U. S. Infantry, Stationed at Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

and if there is any clinching or bugging you will be the one who will do it."

Then, after a long discussion, it was decided that they should break at the call of the referee, but when one man was clinched he had the right to punch with his free arm.

It will therefore depend on the referee to decide who is the aggressor in clinching. Corbett scored a decided advantage by having a twenty-four-foot ring adopted. It has been several years since anything larger than a twenty or twenty-two-foot ring has been used in San Francisco. The last heavyweight battle between Jeff and Fitz was in a twenty-foot ring, and Fitz suffered from it, as he could not escape punishment. It was decided to fight on a percentage proposition, the fighters to get seventy per cent and the Yosemite Club thirty per cent. Of the seventy per cent seventy-five will go to the winner and twenty-five to the loser. From all indications the fight will be for blood. The men showed in the discussion an eagerness to meet and settle the point of supremacy.

In discussing the question of referee Manager Coffroth, speaking for the Yosemite Club, wanted the selection made at least a month in advance. Corbett thought two weeks was enough. Jeffries did not seem

to care. In the prepared articles the club was given the right to name the judge in case of disagreement by the principals. Neither of the heavies would hear of such an arrangement, and Coffroth said that his reason was to insure an early selection of a man, and it was finally decided that Jeffries and Corbett should forfeit \$500 apiece for failure to get together and name the referee on or before July 25. It was generally accepted as a fact that the position of honor should fall to some Californian.

John Hertz, of Chicago, whose energies at this particular time are directed toward forcing Young Corbett into the ring with his protegee, Benny Yanger, having found that persuasive arguments have availed him nothing, has adopted harsher means and has issued a challenge couched in most abusive terms and intolerable assertions. In a scathing denunciation he states:

"Young Corbett is the worst coward in the American ring. He fought Terry McGovern the first time because Terry was champion. He fought him the last time because he knew that he could whip McGovern."

"Why doesn't he fight Benny Yanger? My honest belief is that he is as afraid of Benny Yanger as a woman is of a huge boa constrictor."

"Young Corbett has not forgotten the time Yanger knocked him senseless."

"If Young Corbett is not a coward I will give him \$1,000 in cold cash to prove that he is not by stepping into the ring with the undefeated Chicago fighter."

"This is strictly a bona fide offer. It is not made to attract attention. The offer means business."

"No matter who wins the fight, the champion will receive the \$1,000 as soon as he enters the ring with Yanger."

"Young Corbett will not accept it—and if he does not I will have proven him the coward that he is."

"But if he should decide to accept the offer he has only to enter the ring to claim the money."

"Now, I think I have put it up to Young Corbett to prove that he is not a coward."

"If he has not the heart of a chicken, as I verily believe he has, let him claim my \$1,000. Let him fight Yanger, the legitimate claimant for the championship."

"If Corbett does not accept this offer in the future I shall ignore him entirely."

"Benny Yanger does not have to fight cowards. He likes to meet men with brave hearts—men whom it is an honor to defeat."

"If Benny defeats Eddie Hanlon and Corbett still ignores my offer Yanger will ask the public to recognize him as the legitimate lightweight champion."

"He has knocked out Corbett. Let Corbett show that he can knock out Yanger."

Seems to me as if it were up to Young Corbett to say a few words.

Although he has been in the fighting game for nineteen years, Joe Chovnski still believes he has a chance to win the heavyweight championship title. Joe is rather conservative in his views and not given to boasting, and I am therefore at a loss to quite understand him when he says:

"I am the only heavyweight in the United States who has not been defeated by Jeffries, the present world's champion. I fought him twenty rounds to a draw and would have had the decision if the contest had been judged by a referee instead of by a baseball umpire."

"Jim Corbett needed twenty-eight rounds to get a decision over me in his best days. I put 'Kid' McCoy on the floor at the Broadway Athletic Club for twenty-one seconds and was robbed of the contest by the rankest decision ever made in a prize ring in this country. I laid Bob Fitzsimmons out for nineteen seconds in Boston and was robbed again, as everybody who saw the contest admitted."

"I therefore feel entitled to a go with the winner of the Jeffries-Corbett fight, and will insist upon a battle with Jeffries if he gets the decision over Corbett."

"I bested Jeffries the only time we ever met. I have been an athlete for nineteen years and in that time have fought nearly 250 battles and have more clean victories to my credit than any heavyweight who ever stood in the American prize ring."

"These statements may not seem very modest for me, but as I have never employed a press agent or engaged the services of a manager, it is necessary to do a little talking for myself. I can promise my friends one thing, and that is, if I ever get in the ring again with Jeffries he will know that he has been in a battle before he gets a decision over me."

Notwithstanding that he is in the throes of excitement, incident to being a participant in a battle for the world's championship, Jim Jeffries paused long enough the other day to utter a few truths about Jack Monroe, the young Butte miner of skyrocketing proclivities, who seems to have passed back into that obscurity from which he emerged only a few short months ago.

"Well," says Jeff, "by this time I guess the public knows all it wants to about Monroe. My bout with

Every sporting man ought to have a copy of Champion George Bothner's book on wrestling. 70 page pictures. Price, 25 cents; this office.

him was a joke. I can whip him in two rounds and am willing to bet on that. He was hustled over the country and advertised as the man who knocked Jeffries down, but he could not knock me down with a hammer. He has shot his bolt, however, and I am not worrying about him. So long as he does not fight he will have a reputation, but if he ever fights it will be good-night with him."

Looks as if Monroe knows it as well as anybody.

Fight promoters in Philadelphia are certainly an industrious lot when an opportunity offers itself for them to make money by pulling off boxing shows. The latest scheme which some of them have in view is that of bringing off shows in the open air every Saturday afternoon during the months of June, July and August. Matchmaker Johnny Kelly, of the Washington Sporting Club, and Bert Crowhurst, the official referee of the Penn. Art. A. C., of that city, are the persons who intend to bring off these shows. Plans for holding them are being carried out at present, and if there is no hitch in the arrangements the first of these events will be held the third Saturday in June. The promoters are trying to secure a lease on the ball grounds of the Philadelphia National League, where the shows will be held. Matchmaker Kelly is confident fights in the open air will be a great success, and on that account he is working hard to clinch the arrangements for the holding of these shows.

If the details are completed, all the prominent fighters in the profession will be offered big inducements to box at these shows. The men will box six-round bouts without a decision, just as they have been doing in that city during the last nine months. One of the contests which the promoters will attempt to hold will be a six-round bout between Young Corbett, the featherweight champion, and Terry McGovern. Sam Harris, manager of McGovern, has already accepted the club's terms, but it is not certain whether Young Corbett will. The latter agreed before he fought McGovern in San Francisco to meet Terry in one of the open-air shows, but as he has decided to make a trip to England since he beat McGovern the prospects are that he will pass up the offer.

Speaking about Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, there seems to be a great bond of friendship that has ripened between these men. They are inseparable, and especially so since Fitz lost his wife. Jeffries seems to be the one man in whom the Australian reposes any confidence. He has always been suspicious of others, but in the big champion he has found a real friend, and it is safe to say that as long as both remain in the fighting game they will be interested in each other. Fitzsimmons will train Jeff for his coming bout with Corbett, and also be his chief adviser in the corner on the night of his fight.

Andrew Tokell, who recently returned home to England from this country, in a letter to this office, states that he can get backing to meet Forbes before any of the English clubs and that they would offer the American good inducements.

To the veteran patrons of the ring, who were accustomed to all sorts of riotous disorder, free fights with knives, pistols and sand clubs as persuasive factors, and casualties of an even more horrible character, the manner in which pugilistic battles are nowadays conducted is, to say the least, a revelation. Only occasionally anything of a sanguinary character occurs outside the ring, and always there are a sufficient number of police in the vicinity to quell a disturbance almost before it has begun. Sometimes trouble comes quick, like, for instance, the other night in Philadelphia, when Jack Johnson, the big, black boxer, was smashed over the head with a bottle in the hands of another fighter.

It was the first outbreak of violence at a boxing show in many years. The general idea of the professional boxer to those who do not attend boxing shows is that he is a man of violence, at all times ready to create a disturbance just for the sake of showing his muscular prowess. Such, however, is far from being the truth. The modern boxer is usually a well-behaved, decent fellow. Many of them are saving of their earnings in the business which they follow, for the most part not because they are violent and quarrelsome by nature, but because the financial returns are greater than most fields open to them.

In the ring the boxers are governed by the rules of the sport, which prohibit foul or unruly tactics. The spectators at boxing matches comprise all kinds of men. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant meet on a common level. They are usually patient and good-natured and easily satisfied in the way of comfort and never complain of the surroundings if the boxing is fast enough to suit them. Often when there are disappointments in the way of fake bouts or boxers failing to appear and no return made of money, the sports pocket their feelings and file out good-naturedly, only to be on hand at the next bout advertised. It is safe to assert that the average boxing bout is as well conducted and the spectators as well-behaved as is the case at any other sport.

SAM AUSTIN.

FARREN BESTED RYAN.

Billy Farren had the better of Jack Ryan, of Brooklyn, on May 21, in a six-round contest at the Broadway Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Pa. The milling was fast, and Farren had little trouble in landing on his man. Had there been a decision it is almost certain he would have been given it.

RUHLIN'S STRENGTH TOO MUCH.

Ernest Roeber, formerly the Greco-Roman champion of the world, made his reappearance on the mat in a contest with Gus Ruhlman, at Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, on May 21. Roeber undertook to throw Ruhlman three times within an hour. He failed to gain even one fall, and the big boxer was awarded the decision at the end of sixty minutes.

Roeber's return to the arena was made a gala occasion by his friends. At the hall it was all Roeber, and he was expected to win the match without half trying. That he did not do so was because Ruhlman knows a few things about the grappling game. Roeber tried every hold he knew, only to have them broken when he thought they were good for falls.

Ruhlman's great strength stood him in good stead. Time after time the old champion secured what looked to be very dangerous neck holds. These the Akron giant would break by sheer strength. After he had broken from a few of Roeber's holds Ruhlman began to lose fear of them, and he then took chances that ordinarily he would have avoided.

JOE CHOYNSKI

RING ADONIS

Who Has Fought Creditably For Nineteen Years.

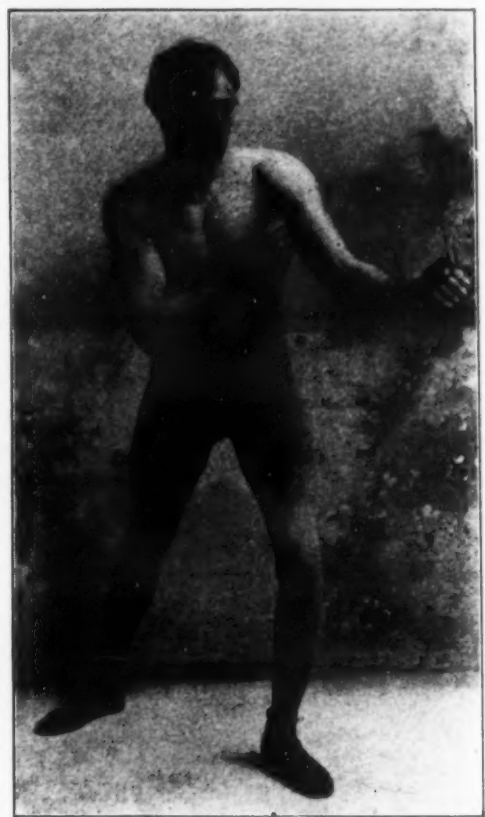
BY SAM C. AUSTIN.—No. 20.

When you wish to point to one man who has adorned the profession of prize fighting, you pick out Joe Chovnski. Abstemious in his habits, honorable, conscientious, truthful and grateful, five qualities which are rarely combined in men, and rare indeed among the exponents of pugilism. For nineteen years Chovnski has been conspicuous in pugilistic affairs, and the number of ring fights in which he has participated compare favorably with the record of any other fighter now before the public.

How has he managed to retain his strength and vigor all these years and still be a factor in deciding pugilistic honors, you ask. Well, he takes the best of care of himself, neither drinks nor smokes, and to this ascribes the fact that he is as good to-day as he was in the middle of his career.

Chovnski is a Californian. His father was a pioneer, a member of the famous Vigilance Committee, and a man of much learning. Young Joe Chovnski became a well-educated prize fighter.

It may truthfully be said that Chovnski was the medium through which Jim Corbett reached the goal of his ambition. They both lived in 'Frisco and early in life were jealous of each other's ability as local fighters. It was inevitable that they would fight, and as Bob Edgren, a "native son" himself, tells of the circumstance, the mill was to have been pulled off across the bay from San Francisco, in Marin county. It was



JOE CHOYNSKI.

to take place in a large barn, in the loft. When the time came a few hundred sports came by devious routes to the meeting place.

The fourth round was going merrily when there was a sudden cry of "police." Spectators and fighters made one wild rush for the stairs and took to the woods. The fight was over for that day. But later on it was resumed, and Corbett knocked out Chovnski in the twenty-seventh round.

Of Chovnski's later fights, one of the best was with the famous Jim Hall, then at his best. The fight was at Maspeth eight years ago. Chovnski had suffered an accident at the New York A. C. the day before the match, and had broken two ribs. For nine rounds Hall had all the best of the fighting. Then Chovnski began to pick up. For several rounds he turned the tables, and, finally, with a terrific swing on the jaw in the thirteenth, he knocked Hall down and out.

In Boston he all but finished Bob Fitzsimmons.

The worst deal Chovnski ever got was when he fought "Kid" McCoy. Chovnski got a vicious right over to McCoy's jaw. McCoy went down and out. He was down eighteen seconds. But the referee was there to see McCoy win, not lose. He counted in a most peculiar manner: "One—two—Chovnski, get back there—three—Chovnski, go to your corner or I'll stop this count. You've got to stand further away—four—I told you to go to your corner—five," and so on. When the count was finally near ten, McCoy got up, Chovnski went after him, eager to give him the finishing blow. McCoy went down again, two or three times. He went down once and stayed for twelve seconds by the timekeeper's watch.

The gong was rung at the expiration of two minutes, instead of three, and McCoy was dragged to his corner and given the other minute and the regular minute's rest as well. He came from his corner fully recovered. Chovnski went at him again and McCoy landed a hook on his jaw. The fighting was furious. At the end of the round both lay in their chairs in bad shape. At the bell McCoy got up unsteadily and walked over to Chovnski's corner. Joe tried to get up, but would have fallen over on his face had his seconds not held him. They refused to let him go on. McCoy was given the decision.

One of Chovnski's exploits in the ring was a battle with Jeffries before the boilermaker became champion. It resulted in a twenty-round draw. Jeff, who weighed 230 pounds, never could understand how little Chovnski, at 162, stayed in the same ring with him.

Next week—Jack O'Brien, of Philadelphia.

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Would Like to Hear From You at Any Time.

J. A., Chicago.—Broad claims to be of Irish
parentage.

F. H. B., Findlay, O.—Was John L. Sullivan ever
champion of the world?.....No.

H. B., Elizabeth, N. J.—Was Dave Sullivan ever
the featherweight champion of the world?.....No.

J. C. C., Pittsburg, Kan.—You will find records of both
men in "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," 10 cents.

J. E., Pittsburg, Kan.—Let me know the bantam
weight and feather weight?.....115 and 122 respectively.

C. H. N., Zanesville, O.—Give me the address of
Prof. Bostock, the lion trainer?.....Care New York
Clippings.

J. A., Paducah, Ky.—A, B, C and D play a game of
jack-pot poker; A deals; B, C and D pass; A opens the
pot; B, C and D stay; B and C don't better their hands;

J. L., Monessen, Pa.—Are there any French or
Belgian prizefighters?.....Certainly; champions of all
weights.

H. B., Lincoln, Ill.—A bets B that the date on any
piece of money is heads?.....Date side is always consid-
ered head.

J. V. B., Silao, Mexico.—Jack always counts,
under such conditions. If any other answer appeared
it was a misprint.

J. F., Bessemer, Ala.—What did Dempsey and
Fitzsimmons weigh when they fought?.....147½ and
150½, respectively.

D. R., Brooklyn.—Let me know if "Kid" Broad
was ever knocked out by anyone?.....No. Send ten
cents for his record.

Subscriber, New York City.—Write to Frank
McKee, Garrick Theatre, New York. Mention POLICE
GAZETTE for full information.

T. E. T., Cleveland, O.—Tom bets that all straight
flushes are royal flushes?.....They are not so considered.
See "Police Gazette Card Player."

F. S., Barnesboro, Pa.—What religion does John
Mitchell, president of United Mine Workers of
America, belong to?.....Catholic, we believe.

J. G., New York.—Better get a job on the Subway.
Experienced fighters are starving to death. You may
judge for yourself how much chance a novice would
have.

Slim, Van Buren, Ind.—State the number of rounds
that Corbett and Jackson fought? What was the age
of Corbett at the time?.....1. Sixty-one rounds. 2.
Twenty-one years old.

H. M., Lake City, Fla.—Who took the belt from
Fitzsimmons, Jeffries or "Kid" McCoy?.....McCoy
never defeated Fitz. Jeffries took it from the latter,
who whipped Corbett.

F. F., N. J.—Is it proper to Americanize a foreign
name, that is to alter it and make it easy to pronounce
in English?.....Not legal to do so unless permission is
granted by the authorities.

D. S. D., Barnesboro, Pa.—A bets B that B doesn't
weigh as much as him; B bets he weighs as much as A;
they both get weighed and A weighs 140 pounds and B
160 pounds.....Catch bet; no decision.

C. H. K., Chicago.—Give me the address of Harry
Gilmore, of Chicago? 1. Send name and address, so
we can send "Annual." 2. Harry Gilmore, pugilistic
manager, Chicago, Ill., will reach him.

W. H., Circleville, O.—Can you furnish me POLICE
GAZETTE No. 1326 containing supplement picture of
John L. Sullivan as he appeared when champion and
as he looks to-day?.....Yes, ten cents each.

A. G. R., Fort Flagler, Wash.—Which man of
national fame has got the best percentage in batting; I
say that Anson has and my chum says that Delehanty
has?.....Each has his admirers. Hard to say whose
average is best.

H. G., Washington, D. C.—Tell me the exact
measurements of the late Peter Jackson? Was Young
Griffo George McFadden's superior as a blocker?.....
1. Jackson's complete dimensions are not obtainable.
2. In our opinion, yes.

Reader, Lincoln, Neb.—Why was the Corbett and
Jackson fight declared no contest? Where would you
advise an amateur boxer to make his headquarters for
the best success?.....1. To enable the club to evade the
payment of the full purse. 2. Cannot advise you.

W. S. W., Butte, Mont.—Was or was not the
America's cup when it was first put up an international
cup and who was it that put up same?.....It was origi-
nally called the Queen's cup and sailed for in English
waters and won by the American yacht America.

J. T. B., Jimenez, Mexico.—Did Tom Allen and
Jake Kilrain ever fight each other in the ring? Give
me the age of Tom Allen at the time of his death? Give
ages of Sullivan and Kilrain?.....1. No. 2. Sixty-
three years. 3. Sullivan forty-five; Kilrain forty-four.

F. A., Chicago.—A raffle, dice to decide; there are
ten chances; A takes nine of them and shakes twelve
each chance; B takes the tenth and last chance and he
also shakes twelve; how shall saw off be decided; must
A be allowed nine chances against B's one?.....Yes,
one for each twelve.

W. H. W., Medford, Okla.—A occupies first base;
B is at the bat; B knocks a pop-up foul which the first
base man catches about twelve feet up the line toward
home; A runs to second base; the first base man covers
first base, retaining the ball, before A returns; both are
declared out; was the decision correct?.....Yes.

H. W. T., Leesville, La.—A and B made a bet,
each taking the other's word for the amount and there-
fore no money was put up. Before inquiring as to who
won the bet, A told B that the bet was off. This in
presence of witnesses, and therefore relinquishing his
right to collect the bet from B, if the decision should be
in A's favor. No decision has been rendered yet, but
should the decision be in B's favor, would A be honor-
bound to pay the bet?.....Certainly. Unless B agreed
to calling it off.

Sisk, Memphis, Tenn.—A bets \$12 on Caliban to
win and \$8 for place, not knowing that Scotch Plaid
was coupled with Caliban in the race; Caliban came
last and Scotch Plaid came second. This race was run

You can become an expert wrestler by fol-
lowing the instructions in George Bothner's
new book published by the POLICE GA-
ZETTE. Price, 25 cents.

Monday, May 11, sixth race at Chicago. The bet was
made in a handbook. Can A lose his bet when accord-
ing to the form sheet there was no betting on Caliban
alone?.....Yes; the place betting on the two horses
might not have been coupled and the book laid you
odds on Caliban.

H. G. S., Cincinnati.—Who trained John L. Sulli-
van for his fight with James J. Corbett? Who trained
John L. Sullivan for his last fight with Jake Kilrain?
Who brought Jack McAuliffe out as a pugilist?.....1. P.
J. Casey, the handball player. 2. Jack Ashton. 3. Dick
Roche, after he graduated from the amateur ranks.

M. F., Vale Summit, Md.—Two men agree to fight
a main of cocks and agree to feed, heel and handle
themselves; one of them gets another man to feed for
him, claiming he can give the cocks a few feeds and
comply with the above.....Referee or stakeholder is the
best judge, being on the ground and knowing exactly
the conditions. Let him decide.

C. B. H., Traskwood, Ark.—Is the Young Griffo
who has been fighting in and around Philadelphia the
world renowned Griffo of old, or is he an imposter? If
a man is knocked down and the referee counts seven,
and the bell rings, does he go on counting and count
the man out?.....1. Not the same. 2. Man is entitled
to go to his corner and resume fighting next round.

P. H., Fort Robinson, Neb.—Are all balls batted by
the batsman that go foul sharp from the bat, called
foul tips, whether caught by the catcher or not. If so,
are all foul tips counted as strikes, whether caught by
the catcher or not?.....The first two fouls hit by a
batter are called strikes under the rules. After that
foul balls simply go as fouls, unless the batter tries to
bunt, then if the ball goes foul it is called a strike.

C. R., San Francisco.—How do you count a twenty-
one game; what do face cards count; what does
dealer stand on and what must be draw to; can you
count the ace as one or eleven, as you choose? Will a
flush beat five aces in poker? Will a straight beat
three of a kind? Will a straight beat three of a kind
and two of another, or in other words trey full of
deuces?.....1. Ace counts 1 or 11; face cards count 10;
dealer must draw to 16 and stand on 17. 2. No. 3. Yes.
4. No: full hand beats a straight. 5. You shoot craps
with dice.

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Peter Cregan, Kelley's new infielder, has
joined the Reds.

Jack Sutthoff is the best pitcher on the
Red's staff just now.

Bill Donovan of Detroit is pitching the
best ball in the country.

The Jersey City team, who are in the lead
in the Eastern League, are certainly playing fine ball.

Fred Clarke, the Pittsburg captain and
manager, is troubled with lumbago and is playing
under difficulties.

Jim Cudworth, the old Lowell player,
would like to try his hand at umpiring. He should
make a good one.

President Dreyfuss says the National
League attendance this year has increased fifty per
cent over last season.

Treasurer Stanley Robison is traveling
with the St. Louis team. He says with a winning team
St. Louis can hold her own with any other city.

Umpire "Bug" Holliday has been tempo-
rarily laid off by President Pulliam. There is no truth
in the report that Gaffney would succeed Holliday.

Manager Seale released Outfielder Dobbs
recently and Manager Hanlon immediately signed
him to fill up the gap in centre field caused by House-
holder's injury.

"The Chicagos are the best team I have
seen this season except the Pittsburgs," said Barney
Dreyfuss the other day. "and I have made a bet that
they beat the Cincinnati's out."

Baseball is on the boom all over the
country this season. It is estimated that 200,000 people
witness the various amateur and semi-professional
games in Greater New York every Sunday.

Pitcher Murphy, of the St. Louis team,
made a peculiar error recently. As he was about to
pitch, the ball fell from his hand, rolling several feet
away and allowing a base runner to move up.

The Chicago Nationals made the best
showing of any of the Western teams on the first
Eastern trip. Manager Seale has got together a hus-
tling band and they are on the jump continually.

On their first trip East the Cincinnati
Reds trimmed New York three games out of four and
then crossed over to Brooklyn only to lose three out
of four to Hanlon's men, who have only won one game
so far from the Giants. Then they talk about base-
ball dope!

JOE BERNSTEIN'S FIRST FIGHT.

Joe Bernstein tells the following story about his first
real prize fight:

"I had sparred a bit around New York," said the
East Side lightweight, "and one night about eight years
ago I was sneaked into a clubroom by a manager.
Spike Sullivan was to meet Joe Hopkins, a colored lad.

"The place was packed with Irishmen, all of whom
were there for the sole purpose of seeing Sullivan whip
the colored lad. Hopkins failed to show up that night,
and the manager was wild, finding it almost impossible
to get anybody to go on with Sullivan.

"Finally he got sight of me in the crowd, and told me
if I would go on with Sullivan he would give me \$125.
Well, I nearly dropped dead, as I never had so much
money in my life, having been in the habit of boxing
for \$5 or \$10. I really believe I would have fought John
L. Sullivan for the same amount of money, and, to be
on the safe side, he gave me the money first.

"Sullivan looked a giant alongside of me, and every
one present told me I would get killed, but all I thought
about was the \$125, tied around my waist. Although I
knew very little about boxing at that time, I was good
and strong, and could stand a good deal of punishment.

"We boxed for eight rounds, and I thought I was get-
ting along fine, going to my corner with all the confi-
dence in the world. I was very weak in the ninth
round, and Sullivan landed a punch on my jaw that
simply made me see stars. He was just about to follow
it up with a right-hand swing that would surely have
put me out of the business, when the bout was stopped.
That was my first real fight."

SMALL TALK ABOUT BOXERS

Lively Gossip of Interest Concerning
the Doings of the Fighters.

Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin and Joe Bern-
stein, have turned their attention to the wrestling
game.

Young Corbett has decided to branch out
as a backer as well as a fighter. The champion thinks



Photo by Vander Weyde: New York.

JAKE BECKLEY.

The Smart Firstbaseman of the National
League Cincinnati Team.

so well of Tom Jenkins' ability as a wrestler that he is
ready to back him for \$5,000 against any of his many
challengers.

Alec Dunsheath, who defeated Colored
Mississippi, would like to meet Danny Dougherty or
Griff Jones.

George Dixon intends going to South
Africa shortly where he intends to open a physical
culture school.

Eddie Connelly is so well liked by the
sporting men of Birmingham that he was given a
benefit there recently.

Charley Sieger, who gave Joe Gans a stiff
argument in Baltimore some time ago, would like an-
other try at the champion.

Billy Barrett, the New York feather-
weight, was defeated by Harry Mansfield in fifteen
rounds at Liverpool recently.

Young Corbett has started touring the
Eastern vaudeville houses with his own specialty com-
pany and is playing to crowded houses.

"Kid" Broad will not be seen in the ring
again for a month or more, having undergone an
operation of removing a bone from the nose.

"Kid" Coffey, a promising New York
featherweight, who recently fought Martin Canole,
will shortly be matched with "Kid" Goodman.

Jimmy Handler, the American middle-
weight, who recently won a battle in England, is giving
bag-punching exhibitions in the Music Halls there.

Ben Jordan, the English featherweight,
is now arranging to come here and meet Young Cor-
bett at San Francisco for the championship during
November.

Tommy Feltz's proposed trip to England
apparently has been abandoned. Feltz was to have
met an English bantam named Bowker, but the
project has fallen through.

Al Weinig, the cyclist-pugilist, has turned
manager. He has Joe Butler, of Philadelphia, under
his wing. The question is, can Butler equal the record
of defeats possessed by Weinig.

Mississippi, the colored boxer, is now press-
ing Terry McGovern for a match. Mississippi has
done well since he has been boxing and his friends
think that he has a fine chance of whipping Terry.

There is a boom in cock fighting just now
and lovers of the game ought to have the
"Cocker's Guide." 25 cents.



Photo by Madsen: Chicago.

J. W. HOUGH.

He is an Amateur Athlete of Thomasboro, Ill.

D makes a straight; A looks at his hand and discovers
he has discarded one of his aces. Who is entitled to
the pot?.....D wins.

R. C. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Was John L. Sullivan
champion of the world?.....No. Because he never won
the title in an international fight.

C. L., Terre Haute, Ind.—Shaking Indian dice;
A shakes 4 fours first dash; B shakes 5 aces; A claims
that 5 aces don't count anything in Indian dice; who
wins?.....Five of a kind beat four of a kind at anything.

A GREAT CHAMPION CONTEST for BARBERS is Now Running in the Police Gazette---See Page 15



THEODORE BECK.
SPORTING BARBER OF LANCASTER, PA., AND
HIS PRIZE WINNING GAMECOCK.



A NOTED BIRD FANCIER.
GEORGE HOUCK, OF CATAWISSA, PA., AND
HIS FAVORITE PIT GAMECOCK.



J. C. THOMAS.
HE IS THE OWNER OF THE DERBY
SALOON, SOUTH BEND, IND.



J. NORODZANEK.
FINELY DEVELOPED AND MUSCULAR STRONG
MAN OF SCRANTON, PA.



JOHN CARNEY.
A GOOD ALL-AROUND ATHLETE LOCATED
AT CHELSEA, MASS.



JOHN CARLSON.
MEMBER OF THE SWEDISH ATHLETIC
CLUB OF BROOKLYN.



AN ARMY READING ROOM.
WHERE THE SOLDIER BOYS OF COMPANY C, TWENTY-FIRST INFANTRY, SPEND THEIR LEISURE MOMENTS
WHILE WAITING FOR THE POST BARBER AT FORT SNELLING, MINN.



Photo by Chickering : Boston.

MURIEL BRANDT.

A PARTICULARLY CHARMING AND SHAPELY PERFORMER WHOSE VOICE IS HEARD
IN COMIC OPERA TO GOOD ADVANTAGE.

OUR EXPERT MIXOLOGISTS

Send in New Drinks for the "Police Gazette" Medal.



M. D. Beaudio, of Butte, Mont., is a well-known bartender and has served in that capacity in some of the best hotels in the West, and is a general favorite in Montana with the sporting fraternity. He is also the inventor of many new drinks and his Eagle Fizz is a favorite beverage in Western cities.

THE ROYAL FINISH.

(By C. M. Baer, Assistant Steward of the San Antonio Club, San Antonio, Tex.)

Use lemonade glass; squeeze one-half lime; one teaspoonful bar sugar; one jigger sherry; three lumps ice; one-half jigger Kimmel; one-half jigger Benedictine; one whole egg. Shake well, strain in thin bar glass, fill with cold seltzer and serve.

Druggists Find Cure for Men

Stricture, Mucous Discharges, Varicocele, Prostatic Diseases Cured in Wonderfully Short Time by an Entirely New System Originated by Two Widely Known Chicago Druggists That Has Never Yet Failed—You Cure Yourself at Home and Save Doctor Bills.

TRIAL TREATMENT AND ILLUSTRATED BOOK, "HOW TO CURE AND PREVENT," SENT FREE TO ANY MAN.

By a system of treatment newly perfected, men who have unfortunately contracted private diseases need no longer fall into the clutches of unscrupulous "specialists" who try to "string you along" to get your money, for by writing to the Targo Co., of Chicago, you can get



a free sample package of a wonderful treatment that will stop any discharge in magic-like fashion without danger and cure Stricture, Varicocele, Prostatic Trouble, threatened vital weakness, etc., in such a short time as to make you wonder. There is no quackery or misrepresentation about this. The treatment was originated by Stolz & Grady, well-known Chicago druggists, and represents the best points of all prescriptions compounded in their store in the last thirty years; or exactly 124,880 prescriptions by famous doctors from all parts of the world. It is something entirely new in the history of men's diseases, and, in fact, is the first time that a treatment for these diseases has ever been evolved by men of such scientific chemical and medical experience. It is the only treatment, remedy or method that does not injure the stomach or the bladder and does not cause stricture, and which cures thoroughly not only the disease itself, but so builds up the constitution and blood as to make you strong to ward off disease in the future.

As if the high reputation of Stolz & Grady is not enough, we can add that the ingredients have the open endorsement of such celebrities as Dr. George Knowles Swinburn of Cornell Medical College, Dr. Herman B. Sheffield of the New York Metropolitan Hospital, Dr. Alfred Roulet of the St. Louis St. Mary's Infirmary, Dr. W. T. Dowdall of the Harvey Medical College, Professor Ignatz Netschalew of the Moscow Hospital, Russia, and many others of international fame who talk from experience. The originality of the treatment will surprise you; the quick cures will astonish you, so this very day send your name and address to the Targo Co., 228 Targo Bldg., Chicago, Ill., and the medical director will send you, besides the free trial package, a valuable book illustrated with stippled drawings from life, telling how to cure and prevent these diseases and the names of world-famous men who endorse the treatment. Every man should have this book. Write to-day, as it costs only your time.

SYPHILIS CURED FREE

The Remedy is Sent Absolutely Free to Every Man or Woman Sending Name and Address.

A celebrated Indiana physician has discovered the most wonderful cure for Syphilis or Blood Poison ever known. It quickly cures all such indications as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, copper colored spots, chancres, ulcerations on the body, and in hundreds of cases where the hair and eyebrows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of boils, pimples and ulcers, this wonderful specific has completely changed the whole body into a clean, perfect condition of physical health.



The illustrations above plainly show what this Grand Discovery will do.

William Grath, 40 Guilford street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I am a well man to-day where a year ago I was a total wreck. Several doctors had failed to cure me of syphilis. I was rid of my sores and my skin became smooth and natural in two weeks, and after completing the treatment there was not a sore or pimple on my body, and to-day I am absolutely well. I give you permission to use my name and I will answer all inquiries from suffering men."

Every railroad running into Ft. Wayne brings scores of sufferers seeking this new and marvelous cure and to enable those who cannot travel to realize what a truly marvelous work the doctor is accomplishing they will send free to every sufferer a free trial package of the remedy so that everyone can cure themselves in the privacy of their own home. This is the only known treatment that cures this most terrible of all diseases. Address the State Medical Institute, 3220. Elektron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Do not hesitate to write at once and the free trial package will be sent sealed in plain package.

The most popular sport at the present time is wrestling, and the "Police Gazette" book on the subject tells you all about the holds and guards. Twenty-five cents.

MIX A NOVEL DRINK FOR A COSTLY MEDAL.

Three Handsome Police Gazette Trophies for Clever Bartenders.

If you are at all ambitious you certainly ought to want to win a medal, and if you are at all energetic you will certainly try.

It isn't every day you have a chance like this, and if you are at all wise you will take full advantage of it.

It is a very simple proposition, when you come to look it over, and one in which the advantage is all on your side.

Here it is:

You write out a good recipe—new, of course—for some kind of a drink, and then you send it to this office, where it goes on file.

That recipe which is considered the best by the experts who decide is awarded the first prize. That means a \$75 medal for you if you happen to be the author of that particular recipe.

You have three chances, anyhow.

You have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

We do not ask you to spend any money to compete.

We do not ask you to cut out any coupons.

We do not even ask you to subscribe or buy the paper.

But, of course, if you are interested in sports, you will want the best paper in the world on the subject, and that is the POLICE GAZETTE.

If you don't think so, don't take it.

But if you take it regularly you will keep posted on many new recipes, for there is one or more published in this column every week.

On the other hand, if you subscribe you are entitled to any one of the Richard K. Fox sporting books free. Chief among which is Champion George Bothner's "Book on Wrestling," now ready, which contains over seventy full-page halftone plates, together with the rules for all kinds of wrestling. This book sells for twenty-five cents, but it is really worth about four times that amount.

We published a great "Bartenders' Guide," which is given as a premium upon receipt of \$1 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks.

NEW RECIPES RECEIVED.

The following new recipes have been received:

Harry Phelps, Port Townsend, Wash., Eagle Fizz; Joe W. Abraham, Montgomery, Ala., Elk Run; Jim Padgett, Louisville, Ky., Ki Ki Punch; W. E. Blain, Petersburg, Col., Wedding Bowl; John F. Haas, Bradford, Pa., Modern Cocktail; Paul Langman, Cleveland, O., Tom L. Cocktail; Tony Ryan, Jeffersonville, Ind., Morning Smile; Tone Koehn, Forest Junction, Florida; John Kuhn, Reading, Pa., Morning Invigorator; John Kastner, St. Louis, Dedication Punch; George Fitzgerald, Bellefontaine, O., McKiddin Dun; Warren G. Groom, Doylestown, Pa., Bracer; W. A. Beasley, Pawnee, Okla., Temptation Cocktail.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WATER MOTOR FAN

\$1.50 Can be connected with any spigot or attached to wall. Any person can adjust it easily and without effort. Diameter, 10 inches. Makes 2000 revolutions a minute. Throws a current of air as strong as any \$15 electric fan, without any noise or annoyance. It has no equal for the sick room. *Decorative Circulars.* Price, Complete, \$1.50. Agents wanted. Delaware Rubber Co., Dept. 108, 631 Market St., Phila., Pa.



LOVE CHARM How to make anyone love you with true & everlasting love. Safe, sure and harmless, for old or young. Acts quickly. Full secret 10c. (Silver) *WALK SUPPLY CO., No. 594 Austin St., Chicago.*

RODS for locating gold and silver, lost treasures, etc. Guaranteed. Circulars, 2c. Bryant Bros., Box 121-27, Dallas, Tex.

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES. State your wants and enclose stamp. Cut prices. Box 723, N. Y. City.

It is a good thing to know how to box, and the new "Police Gazette Book on Boxing" is just what you want. It is far and away the best on the market. Twenty-five cents.

SPORTING.

H. G. EVANS & CO.

Originators of all electrical sporting goods. Imitated by all, equalled by none. Route 1, White Plains, N. Y. Complete, with 1,000 Harris checks, \$185. TRANSPARENT ELECTRIC DICE, our latest creation. Send for our 4-page catalogue, free. 125 Clark St., Chicago.

HEADQUARTERS For Everything in Our Line. 210 N. W. 10th St., Chicago, Ill. *FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE: 10c. For the POLICE GAZETTE: 10c. For the POLICE GAZETTE: 10c.*

CLUB ROOM GOODS Roulette wheels, tables, layouts, etc. Finest checks in U. S. Send for list. HARRIS & CO., 22 University Place, New York.

CLUB ROOM And Fair Ground goods of every description; also 100 varieties of Slot Machines. Send for catalogue before buying. Address GORDEN & CO., 233 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

NEW DEVICE for operating any hold-out, \$25. Free catalogue of New Improved Hold-out, Inks, Dice, Cards, Fair Ground Games, Etc., Etc. Sure winners. J. JAMES MFG. CO., Fort Scott, Kan.

Marked Bicycle Cards. 6 decks \$5. Counter Magnets \$18 to \$35. Transparent Dice \$10. Crap Dice that get the money \$2.50 per pair. Spindles, etc. Deane & Laser, 1067 Central Ave., Cincinnati, O.

DICE Expert work. \$5.00 per set. Transparent work. \$15.00. Cards, \$1.00 per pack. Catalogue free. I. Smith & Co., 128 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

MARKED CARDS (New work.) Gamblers stand it. \$1 per deck. Latest Transparent Dice Work, Inks, etc. Cat. free. J. Knauth, Eau Claire, Wis.

CRAP DICE that get the money. \$3.00. Marked cards, etc. Cat. free. D. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

BLOCK OUT INK. Sample free. Cards, Dice. JOHN F. SKINNER, 137 1/2 5th St., San Francisco, Cal.

CARDS. Sample pack, stamped back playing cards sent WITH KEY for 35c. Jas. Johnson & Co., Austin, Ill.

The POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks \$1.00, including "Boxing and How to Train." 1903 issue, free.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

This ELEGANT Watch \$3.75 Before you buy a watch out this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. \$3.75. Double hunting case, beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper; with long Gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any \$25.00 G.O.D. FILLED WATCH Warranted 50 YEARS pay the express agent \$3.75 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Address H. FARRER & CO., B34, 28 Quincy St., CHICAGO.

SLOT MACHINES.

6-SLOT ROULETTE

EQUAL TO FOUR OR FIVE ORDINARY SLOT MACHINES. WRITE TO FORN NOVELTY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.

\$100.00 Invested in ten prize fighting penny-in-the-slot machines will earn \$10 weekly. J. BURT, 136 LIBERTY ST., NEW YORK.

ALUMINUM NAME PLATE MACHINES \$40. C. C. BAIR, TIFFIN, O.

OWLS \$15; Owl Jrs. \$14; Detroit \$45; Musicals \$60; Pucks \$38. Box 121, Sandusky, O.

Our New Lung Tester (with electrical effect). Latest novelty. Sloan Novelty, 900 Girard Av., Phila., Pa.

DEWEYS \$40; OWLS \$15; BANNERS \$30. NOVELTY CO., 426 N. 4th St., Philadelphia.

SALOON SUPPLIES.

If You Want Everything Clean and Bright, Try

BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND METAL POLISH. Found box 25c. at Druggists and Dealers.

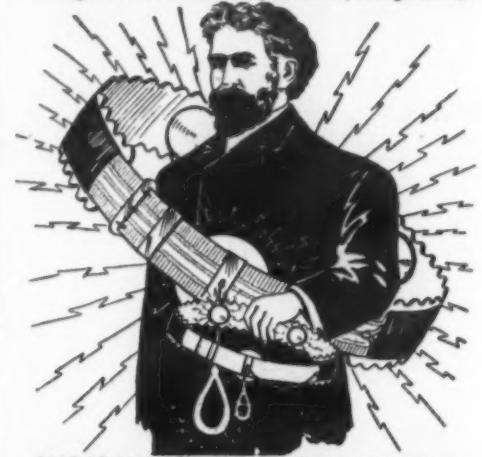
If you have a challenge of any kind send it with your photograph for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

ELECTRIC BELT SENT FREE

To all Men who Write to the Heidelberg Medical Institute, St. Paul.

Just send your name and address plainly written and they will send their great "Electro-Chemic Belt" without one cent of cost to you. It is yours for the asking. Not even necessary to send postage stamp.



GOOD AS ANY ELECTRIC BELT IN THE WORLD.

The Heidelberg Medical Institute, capitalized at \$100,000, is the Largest and Richest Medical Institute in the Northwest and is giving away thousands of their Great Electro-Chemic Belts to prove and advertise their wonderful curing power. The Great "Electro-Chemic" Belt will restore you to health and happiness. 18,976 ailing men recently restored to vim, vigor and perfect manhood. It quickly cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lambe Back, Nervous Exhaustion, Varicocele, Failing Vitality, Kidney Troubles, Liver, Stomach and Sexual Diseases, General Weakness, Lost Nerve Force and many other ailments. It is worth from \$30 to \$50 to any one. It is given away absolutely free by the master specialist to all those who need the one great curative agent, electricity.

"SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, CURED AT LAST."

CASE 1768. Eighteen years ago I first noticed symptoms of nervous trouble that afterwards caused me great misery and suffering. I had pains in my back, and spent many restless nights. I had no control of my faculties, so that I was always at a disadvantage in whatever I undertook. I have been using the Electro-Chemic treatment of the Heidelberg Medical Institute about six weeks and I consider myself cured once more, and to be well worth all a man has. S. T. H.

REMEMBER The Belt is not sent on trial but is yours to keep forever without the payment of one cent. So write today for the Great Electro-Chemic Belt Free. Mention this paper Address

HEIDELBERG MEDICAL INSTITUTE Fifth and Robert Sts., ST. PAUL, MINN.

BIG C is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhea, Cures, 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed to prevent contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

ARE YOU A WEAK MAN?

The "Vienna" Discovery Sent Free.

A large sample of the "Vienna" Discovery and books on marriage, etc., sent free. Results of Abuse, Drains, Lost Manhood, Weak and Undeveloped Organs cured by this wonderful discovery. Don't be a wreck. Enjoy the pleasure of life; we will open the way to you to be a man again. Write to-day at once. Correspondence confidential. Marriage Guide and other books sent FREE. W. C. Albert, Dept. 272, 130 Dearborn St., Chicago.

"NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL."

Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba, the TARRANT'S CERTAIN AND SAFE cure for natural or infectious discharges from urinary organs. Cures quicker than any other remedy. Causes no stricture. At druggists \$1.00, or by mail in sealed packages from THE TARRANT COMPANY, 21 JAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SANTAL-MIDY Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

FREE CURE FOR MEN.

A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size, Perfect Vigor and Nerve force to small, Shrunken and Weak Sexual Organs. DR. KNAPP MED. CO., 797 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., gladly send this wonderful receipt free to suffering men.

GONORRHEA or Gleet discharges stopped in 48 hours by Citrosandale capsules. Best remedy for men in trouble. Cure yourselves. Positive cure guaranteed in 5 days, by mail, \$1. THE CITROSANDALE CO., 66 Broadway, N. Y.

SECRET SAFETY (Trade Mark). For men and women as wash or douche within 12 hours after exposure. Perfect antiseptic. Carry in vest pocket. Booklet free. Box 50 Tablets \$1.00. Ruxton Chemical Co., Dept. P, 47 Dey St., New York City.

The latest and best Bartenders' Guide will be sent free with the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks on receipt of \$1.00.

AGENTS WANTED.

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 840, Detroit, Mich.

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN Should be in the Possession of Every Up-to-date Boxer in the Country

EXPERT TONSORIALISTS

Here's a Chance for Some Tonsorial Record Breaker.



Carl A. Landin, of 216 Sixteenth street, Denver, Col., is the owner of one of the swiftest shops in that city which is patronized by many of the prominent citizens. Mr. Landin was for seven years connected with the Denver Athletic Club, is interested in sports, particularly boxing, and is at present booming "Kid" Fuller, a promising young heavyweight whom many sports on the Coast think is a comer.

\$150 BE A CHAMPION \$150

Three Great and Valuable Trophies for Enterprising Barbers.

If you are a barber and you are not interested in this contest, then it will be a difficult matter to interest you in anything.

Of course, you may not want to compete yourself, but you may have friends in whom you take an interest. That will be the same thing.

Now, here is an idea for some of you hustlers. When you get ready to try for your record you could have a public announcement made, giving the location of your shop and the hour. Invite the reporters of the newspapers in your city to be present and make a big time of it.

It doesn't take a very smart man to realize what a fine advertisement this would be, and advertising can never hurt anyone.

By following out a proposition of this kind a boss barber can make a very good thing out of it.

Here are the prizes:

First Prize—\$75.00 gold medal to the man who lathers and shaves the greatest number of men in 30 minutes.

Second Prize—\$50.00 gold medal for the quickest and most artistic hair cut, military style, using scissors and comb only.

Third Prize—\$25.00 for the quickest single shave, the contestant to do the lathering.

Write all the letters to this office you like, but it may save you a lot of trouble to tell you now that there are very few conditions.

All you are to do is to go ahead and see what you can do.

Don't ask what the best record is, for that is a question that will not be answered.

You can try as often as you like.

Send for entry blanks, as many as you think you can use, and if you have any friends who don't know about this contest you may be doing them a favor if you tell them of it.

If you saw last week's POLICE GAZETTE you saw at the head of the column a reproduction of the first prize medal.

It's a beauty and well worth working hard for.

The winner ought to feel very proud.

The two other medals are equally as handsome.

We have just published a new book at an expense of many thousands of dollars, and it treats on wrestling. It is by George Bothner, the lightweight champion, and contains about eighty full page half-tone plates. It is the finest and most complete book on the subject ever published. You can have one free if you will send \$1.00 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks. It is worth that to see the cover in colors, upon which is one of the most remarkable photographs ever taken.

TRAINING FOR THE CONTEST.

I am considered a fast workman and I am going in training for your contest as I fully realize the great value of a "Police Gazette" medal. I was in a match at Lansing, Mich., two years ago against Charles Matthews, but lost by two seconds.

W. B. TORREY,
324 Main street, E. Toledo, O.

SENT FREE TO MEN

A Most Remarkable Remedy That Quickly Restores Lost Vigor To Men.

A Free Trial Package Sent By Mail To All Who Write.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the Institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all



"No Man is Lost—There Is a Sure Cure for Every Weak Man."—Dr. Robinson.

who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocoele, or emaciation of parts, can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute 2187 Elkton Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be completed with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

There would be no arguments over card games if the players had "Hoyle's Book." Price, 25 cents; this office.

PERSONAL.

I SEEK HUSBAND for Lady, 22, worth \$10,000 and beautiful farm. Widow, 36, \$80,000 and stock farm. Lady, 26, \$40,000. Lady, 22, \$8,000 and beautiful home. Address MRS. LELAND, 19 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

MARRIAGE Directory free to all. Pay when married. New plan. Send no money. For particulars address SELECT CLUB, Dept. 23, TEKONSHA, MICH.

GET MARRIED 10,000 LADIES are anxious to marry. Many worth from \$10,000 to \$30,000. Big sealed list with full descriptions and P.O. addresses mailed free. STAR AGENCY, 492 Austin Station, CHICAGO.

YOUNG WIDOW, age 28, with \$10,000; lady, 20, \$50,000; lady, 25, \$15,000; blonde, 20, with \$8,000; I seek honorable husbands for these and others. Confidential. Address MRS. W., 697 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

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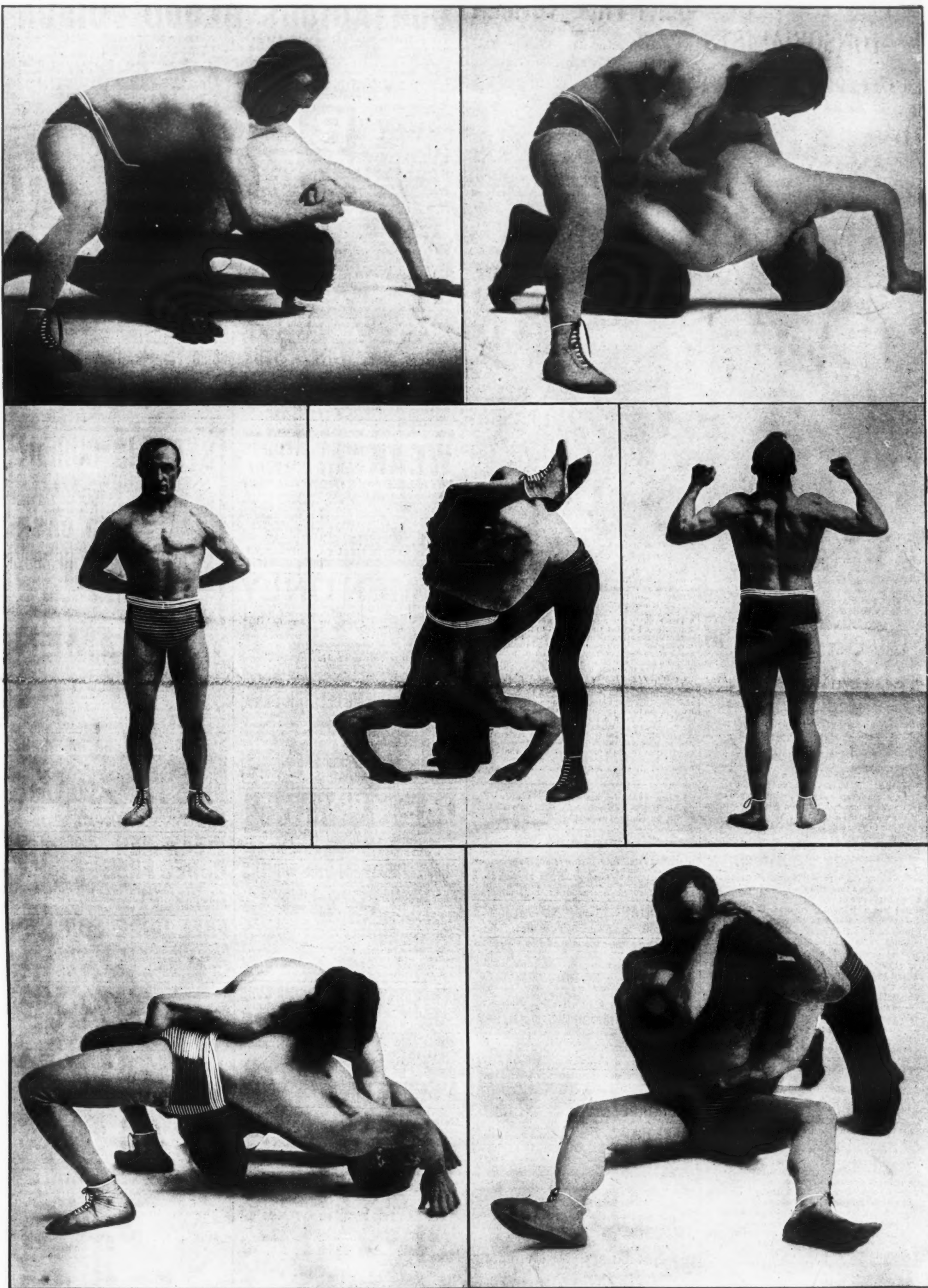


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